

# Zion's Herald

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## Zion's Herald.

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### PASTORAL SKETCHES.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

Though set among the hills and near the  
The person's parish in seclusion lies,  
Through self-denying toil 'tis sought and  
found  
By every traveling tradesman on his round.  
If to the North Pole runs one earthly route,  
The Yankee peddler's star is found in out.  
Through summer months when tolling  
housewives tire  
Of constant service at the kitchen fire,  
A neighboring baker sees the people fed,  
And brings round in a van our daily bread  
Two bells announce the peddler of his led  
corn;  
The driver of the fish-cart blows a horn,  
And cries, "Fresh fish!" as though his  
conscience knew  
The cry he made was more than half untrue.  
Bind "Yankee Notion Tom" his business  
plies  
Led by a dog that serves him well for eyes,  
Tripping from house to house, forgetting  
none  
A leading partner in more ways than one.  
Tuesday and Friday bring the butcher in,  
Wearing a gown immaculately clean,  
A merry man, too fat for sober thought  
(Whoever saw a butcher that was not?)  
The meekness often pained on his cart.  
Might take a place o'er high Landseerian  
art;  
And if the children of the parish should  
The judges be, the person knows it would.  
Tim-peddlers in the public favor share;  
They give for solid rugs bright shining  
ware,  
Emblems, the person says, of Him who  
came  
From far away and took our robes of  
shame  
And gave us heavenly raiment white as  
snow,  
That we might to His marriage supper go.  
The tinker wheels his shop along the street  
The while his lips mechanically repeat  
(As some old strains will echo through the  
mind)  
"Umbrellas to mend, or sissors to grind!"  
And when, as some tale the children come  
To see his wheel fly round and hear him hum,  
The schoolboys wishing that he would con-  
sist  
To grind their jack-knives and not charge a  
cent.  
As is the boy, so will the man be found,  
His jack-knives first, then axes to be ground.  
On the happy birds round to sing  
The advent carols of the blitheous spring,  
The Italian vendor of five heartless airs,  
With mimic monkey or with muzzled bears,  
Broadcasts at every door some fee to play  
His programme through or else to go away.  
And counts the last among his richest gains  
So weary is he of the old, old strains.  
The guest at banquet, unprepared to speak,  
Extemporizing what he learned last week;  
The person preaching some old sermon  
through  
Before a people who suppose it new;  
The poet reading in his friend the rhymes  
"Respectfully declined" a dozen times;  
The public speaker, winning smiles and  
tears  
For thoughts expressed each week through  
twenty years;  
The painted clown who every day provokes  
The crowd to laughter with his time-worn  
jokes;  
The actor stepping forth to give delight  
In the same role upon the hundredth night,  
Some fellowship through suffering may feel  
With him who turns old tunes out with a  
wheel.  
The Boston runners, one contiguous file,  
Through winter's blinding snow and sum-  
mer's smile,  
Crossing the dread ravine, the swollen  
brook,  
Armed with a sample case and order book,  
Pass to the village store, display their  
wares,  
Capture a trade with pure Athenian airs,  
Bow at the door, and onward press their  
way,  
The line of march unbroken night nor day.  
The log hut built a hundred years ago  
By the first settler, still remains to show  
How little they who bowed old England's  
might,  
Cared where they broke their bread or slept  
at night.  
On buttes dotted here and there appears  
The architectural art of later years.  
One has a chimney massive, square and  
high,  
Built—well, the builders only can tell  
why—  
And in a curious, democratic style,  
The rooms cling round and guard the cen-  
tral pile,  
Emblems, the person says, of states that  
will  
Forever stand, one and inseparable,  
Wearing the grandeur of homelike content,  
Around one solid, central government.  
To such proportions did the chimney run,  
When that was built the house was nearly  
done.  
Upon the farms first cleared a breezy mound  
Was set apart and kept as holy ground.  
The isolation of that old home-life  
Held sweet and strong the love of man and  
wife;  
The sister in the brother's manly ways,  
The brother in the sister's gently grace,  
Found each a pleasure that retained its  
charm

To life's last hour and kept the home-love  
warm.  
And when some spirit from the household  
fled,  
Up to the breezy mound they bore the  
dead,  
Not without comfort, as they mourned and  
wept,  
To know that one so loved so near them  
slept;  
And home grew instinct with a finer air,  
For both the living and the dead were there.  
The grave-stones now are crumbling to de-  
cay,  
The memory of the dead has passed away;  
Forms unfamiliar through the meadows  
loom,  
And alien voices about the cattle home.  
White River Junction, Vt.

### HENRY MARTYN, THE MISSION- ARY AND SAINT.

BY REV. L. R. DUNN, D. D.

In the annals of consecrated, self-  
sacrificing and heroic missionary  
labor, the name of Henry Martyn  
will ever shine forth as a star of the  
first magnitude. Born of humble  
parents, at Truro, in the county of  
Cornwall, in 1781, he early exhibited  
promising abilities. At the early  
age of seven years he was placed in  
a grammar school, and at fourteen  
he made application for admission to  
Oxford. This application, as he al-  
ways thought afterwards, was provid-  
entially rejected. But two years  
afterwards he was admitted to the  
University of Cambridge. Here his  
progress was rapid, and before he had  
completed his twentieth year he had  
received the highest academical  
honor, that of "Senior Wrangler." A  
year after this he was chosen fel-  
low of St. John's, and received the  
first prize for the best Latin prose  
composition, although men of great  
classical celebrity contested the palm  
with him. Naturally he had a vio-  
lent and ungovernable temper; and  
on one occasion, while in the Univer-  
sity, he threw a knife at a fellow-  
student, which, barely missing him,  
sunk deep into the wall. But the  
Lord had designs of mercy towards  
him, and a sister's prayers and ap-  
peals were constantly employed in  
his behalf. The death of his father,  
also, had a tendency to call his at-  
tention to divine things.

But there was another chosen in-  
strument of the Lord to guide him  
to Christ. Rev. Charles Simeon,  
of Trinity Church, Cambridge, became  
at this period his pastor, and was  
ever after his loving friend. Simeon  
was very popular among the early  
Methodist clergy, and his relations to  
the "Calvinistic Methodist Church-  
men" were of great importance in  
the development of the "Low Church  
party." He was an intimate friend  
of Bertrigg, Venn, Riland, Cadogan,  
Pentecost, Robinson and Fletcher.  
The last named he visited at Made-  
ley, in 1784. "As soon as he en-  
tered the vicarage there," it is said,  
"Fletcher took him by the hand and  
brought him into the parlor, where  
the two engaged in prayer. Fletcher  
asked him to preach for him; and  
when he consented, he went out,  
with bell in hand, through the vil-  
lage, ringing as loudly as he could,  
telling the people, also, that a young  
clergyman from Cambridge had come  
to preach to them." Soon after this  
Mr. Wesley met Simeon at Hux-  
worth, and writes in his Journal as  
follows: "Had the satisfaction of  
meeting Mr. Simeon, fellow of King's  
College in Cambridge. He has spent  
some time with Mr. Fletcher at  
Madeley—two kindred souls, much  
resembling each other, both in fervor  
of spirit and in the earnestness of their  
address." For more than half a cen-  
tury after this he lived and labored  
in the cause of Christ.

It was this man who so greatly  
molded and shaped the character and  
future course of young Martyn. If  
Fletcher, in a sense, breathed his  
saintliness over Simeon, Simeon  
likewise breathed his saintliness  
over Martyn. He resolved now to  
enter the ministry, and shortly after  
to consecrate himself to the work of  
a missionary. To this he was largely  
influenced by the example of Carey  
in India, and David Brainerd in  
America. Thus the youthful Brainerd,  
struggling amid American wilds  
and wildernesses for the conversion of  
the savages roaming through them,  
was, all unconsciously to himself,  
kindling a flame in the heart of Mar-  
tyn, who was ever anxious to imitate

his saintly and heroic life. In a  
little while a chaplaincy was obtained  
for him in the service of the East  
India Company. His feelings in  
entering upon his work are thus ex-  
pressed: "Oh, gladly shall this base  
blood be shed, every drop of it, if  
India can be benefited in one of her  
children—if but one of those chil-  
dren of God Almighty might be  
brought home to his duty." Oh,  
that this same spirit might animate  
the breast of all who engage in mis-  
sionary work! His biographer says  
of him: "He went forth to preach  
the Gospel to the heathen, and it was  
his fixed resolution to live and die  
amongst them. When he left Eng-  
land, he left it wholly for Christ's  
sake, and he left it forever" (p. 102). Would to God that more  
men and women would thus devote  
their life to this work! The mis-  
sionary cause needs now, more than  
ever, the heroic element. So many  
scarcely reach the heathen shores  
before an attack of homesickness, or  
something else, leads them quickly  
to retire, without having struck a  
blow against the empire of darkness.  
It seems to be a hard lesson to learn,  
that heaven is just as near China,  
India, Japan and Africa, as it is to  
America.

Mr. Martyn embarked for India  
on the 17th of July, 1805, in the  
twenty-fourth year of his age. His  
voyage lasted nine months. But  
during this period he was not idle.  
He preached, visited the ship's crew,  
and in all the ports where the fleet  
stopped he embraced every opportu-  
nity to preach Christ in some form.  
But his holy and faithful efforts were  
little appreciated, and in many in-  
stances were scoffed and despised.  
The officers, soldiers and sailors at  
length determined they would not  
hear him preach at all, "because  
he did nothing but preach about  
hell." Accordingly the captain said  
on the Sabbath morning, "Mr. Mar-  
tyn must not come again." But not-  
withstanding, he took for his text  
Psalm 9: 17: "The wicked shall  
be turned into hell, and all the  
nations that forget God." But while  
some raved and mocked, "some of  
the cadets and many of the soldiers  
were in tears." We need more fidelity  
in preaching the terrors of God's  
law to ungodly sinners. Wonderful  
to say, the same spirit of opposition to  
Mr. Martyn's preaching was exhib-  
ited in Calcutta among professed  
Christians and Christian ministers,  
who denounced his evangelical senti-  
ments, and had no sympathy with  
his Methodist connections.

His appointment in India was at  
Dinapore, where he arrived in Novem-  
ber, 1806. He at once entered upon  
his work with zeal and energy,  
preaching to the English residents,  
learning the language of the country,  
and anxious, but forbidden by the  
time-serving East India Company,  
to preach to the natives. Mr. Mar-  
tyn not only resembled Mr. Fletcher  
in his saintliness, but also in his  
ability as a controversialist. Daily,  
while in India, and afterwards in  
Persia, he had discussions with moon-  
shee and pundit, moolahs and soofees,  
with Brahmins and Mohammedans.  
These discussions were often bitter  
and violent on the part of his op-  
ponents, but gave him the opportunity  
of making known, often in high  
places, the character and work of  
his divine Lord and Master. Mean-  
while he was rapidly acquiring a  
knowledge of the Sanscrit. Indeed,  
so rapidly had he advanced, that in  
the year 1808, when he was only  
twenty-seven years old, "he had  
brought to completion the version of  
the New Testament in Hindoostanee."  
This he had done amid terrible heat,  
often at ninety-eight degrees, and  
when even the nights were insupport-  
able. All this time, also, he was  
laboring under the weakness of a  
feeble constitution, under which,  
sometimes, he fainted from sheer ex-  
haustion. In addition to the Hindoo-  
stane Testament, he was also en-  
gaged on the Persian gospels. For  
this purpose, after a short sojourn in  
Cawpore, he departed for Persia,  
that he might in the most perfect  
manner finish his work. By the  
24th of February, 1812, then in the  
thirty-first year of his age, he had  
completed this great work, and his  
version of the Psalms, which had

caused, as he says, "six heavy  
moons, that waxed and waned since  
its commencement, to pass unnot-  
iced," was finished by the middle  
of March. He was anxious to present  
the translation of the New Testa-  
ment into Persian to the king of Per-  
sia in his own person, and he made  
diligent effort so to do; but his  
health was failing so rapidly that he  
was obliged to forego the pleasure of  
doing so. But, disappointed as he  
was, Sir Gore Ouseley, the British  
ambassador, laid it before the king,  
who expressed his admiration of the  
work.

It seemed now, after his nearly  
seven years of constant toil in India  
and Persia, that the only way his  
valuable life could be spared was by  
a return to his native land. A jour-  
ney of thirteen hundred miles lay  
between him and Constantinople,  
which must be accomplished mostly  
on horseback. At first his health  
seemed to improve under the inspi-  
ration of the exercise and the beau-  
tiful scenery through which he  
passed. He crossed the ancient  
river of Araxes, and swept near the  
base of Mt. Ararat, where the whole  
church of God was once ark and  
rested. Passing through Kars and  
Erzeroum—the scenes of recent  
strife between the Russian and the  
Turk—he sped on his way. Before  
long, however, the dreaded ague and  
fever came upon him, making travel-  
ing a painful thing, and at times pre-  
venting his rising from his uncom-  
fortable bed. His heartless guide,  
with no sympathy for his emaciated,  
pale, sickly companion, made his  
horses to fly over hill and dale,  
through sun and rain, for many a  
heavy paragon. On the 6th of  
October he wrote: "No horses being  
to be had, I had an unexpected re-  
pose. I sat in the orchard, and  
thought, with sweet comfort and  
peace, of my God—in solitude my  
company, my Friend and Comforter.  
Oh, when shall time give place to  
eternity? When shall appear that  
new heaven and new earth wherein  
dwelleth righteousness? There, there  
shall in no wise enter in anything  
that defileth—none of that wicked-  
ness which has made men worse than  
wild beasts. None of those corrup-  
tions which add still more to the  
miseries of mortality, shall be seen  
or heard any more."

These were his last words. Here  
at Tocat, on the 16th of October,  
1812, he surrendered his soul into  
the hands of his Redeemer. With  
no friendly hand near to wipe the  
death-damps from his pale brow, and  
no kindly voices speaking consola-  
tion and peace, he passed to his eter-  
nal home in the thirty-second year  
of his age. But who can doubt that  
heavenly messengers were near to  
cheer his spirit and convey him to  
the realms of the blessed? His  
grave in the Armenian cemetery at  
Tocat is marked by a monument,  
erected by Mr. Rich, an English resi-  
dent of Bagdad, bearing a Latin  
inscription, of which this is a literal  
translation:—

TO REV. HENRY MARTYN,  
An English clergyman and missionary;  
A pious, learned and faithful servant,  
Whom,  
As he was returning to his native land,  
The Lord here called  
To his eternal joy.  
A. D. 1812.

Would it not be well for our Mis-  
sionary Society to have a list of books  
embracing biographies of Coke,  
Carey, Duff, Judson, Brainerd, Mar-  
tyn and others, which all candidates  
for missionary service should be ear-  
nestly desired to peruse with much  
prayer?

### CHAUTAUQUA.

BY H. H. M.

We have entered upon the exercises  
of the last week of the tenth Assem-  
bly, and this season, in every element  
of strength, has outstripped all its  
predecessors. The preliminary exer-  
cises of July, including lectures, con-  
ferences, the School of Languages,  
and the Teachers' Retreat, were a  
fine success. The weather was very  
changeable during the month, rain  
and wind visiting us for about three  
days in succession, the sky clearing  
up with the wind in the north, giving  
us one or two cold nights, to be fol-  
lowed by another storm. Such  
weather the oldest inhabitant never

saw in the Chautauqua region before.  
But teachers and people became  
accustomed to storms, and did not  
mind them. Our elaborate accom-  
modations were equal to the emer-  
gency.

As teachers in the School of Lan-  
guages we have none but the best.  
Prof. W. R. Harper, of Chicago,  
thought by good judges to be the best  
Hebrew scholar in America, has a  
large class of earnest students. Prof.  
Shumway, though still a young man,  
is an enthusiastic student of  
Latin, and has charge of this depart-  
ment. Prof. Lalande, a native French  
scholar, and a gentleman of fine cul-  
ture, is at the head of a large French  
class. Prof. J. H. Worman, Ph.D.,  
teaches German and Spanish. Con-  
sidering his age, he is a prodigy  
in linguistic literature. He has just  
published an elegantly-bound French  
grammar, and since this Assembly  
commenced, the trustees of Vanderbilt  
University, Nashville, Tennessee,  
have elected him to a professor's  
chair in that richly-endowed school.  
Without relinquishing his hold on  
Chautauqua, he has accepted the po-  
sition. Prof. McClintock, a graduate  
of the Johns Hopkins University, is  
the teacher of Anglo-Saxon and En-  
glish literature. Prof. Henry Lum-  
mis, of Massachusetts, has charge of  
the Greek department, and has earned  
an honorable name among us. The  
School of Languages at Chautauqua  
has become a fixture.

The Teachers' Retreat, in the large  
attendance and the work done, was a  
fine success. Prof. J. T. Edwards, D.  
D., principal of Chamberlain Institute,  
Raudolph, N. Y., delivered a course  
of lectures before the teachers on  
the circle of the sciences. Chemistry,  
botany, zoology, geology, etc., were  
presented in a plain and instructive  
manner, and gave great satisfaction.  
Prof. Lyette, of Dickinson College,  
delivered a course of lectures on  
psychology and its relation to teach-  
ing. Lectures were also delivered by  
Dr. Talmage and Judge Tourgee, of  
the Continent and "The Fool's Er-  
rand" fame. "Give Us a Rest,"  
was the Judge's subject. He plead  
for less hurry and less worry among  
the American people, especially the  
women.

During the Retreat about a thou-  
sand stereoscopic views were pre-  
sented to large and delighted audi-  
ences, with explanations from differ-  
ent well-traveled persons in foreign  
countries. As tourists we passed  
through England, Ireland, Scotland,  
France, Russia, Germany, Italy,  
Egypt and the Holy Land. One en-  
tire evening was devoted to the tem-  
ples built at different times in Jeru-  
salem by Solomon, Zerubbabel and  
Herod.

Prof. Wallace Bruce delivered a  
series of scholarly lectures on the  
"Old Poets and English Literature."  
Prof. Shumlock taught elocution,  
and gave great satisfaction. Prof.  
W. C. Richards, of Chicago, gave a  
number of learned lectures, brilliantly  
illustrated, on the subject of chem-  
istry, electricity and physics gener-  
ally.

Such are but some of the promi-  
nent feature he bill of fare  
that was served to us during the  
month of July. The School of Lan-  
guages was carried forward into the  
month of August, and still continues  
with increased force. The attendance  
of people was much larger than  
ever before.

With the coming of the Assembly  
proper—the seventh of August—  
came also a welcome change in the  
weather, and since then the grounds  
have been delightful. The crowd also  
has increased, and often our accom-  
modations have been pretty well  
taxed. Perhaps nine-tenths of the  
people here have come to stay through  
the season and live on the ground.  
Excursion parties from different di-  
rections visit us nearly every day.

Music, under the direction of Pro-  
fessors Sherwin and Case, has been  
made a specialty at this Assembly.  
Mr. H. A. Moore is giving instruc-  
tion in vocal culture and the art of  
singing to a large number of private  
pupils. Prof. C. C. Case has charge  
of a class in harmony and one in  
vocal culture. Prof. Sherwin directs  
the chorus, numbering over two hun-  
dred voices. The concerts have been  
of much interest. H. A. Moore's  
solo singing has been highly enjoyed

by the musicians and artists, and  
Prof. Exell's by the masses. Misses  
Garbay and Davis of Cincinnati,  
and Miss Johnston of Toledo, have  
often appeared as soloists upon the  
platform, to the satisfaction of the  
people.

The department work, such as the  
children's hour in charge of Rev. B.  
T. Vincent, the normal class by R.  
H. Hurlburt, D. D., primary teach-  
ers' class by Mrs. Rev. B. T. Vin-  
cent, modeling in clay by Prof. E.  
A. Spring, kindergarten by Miss  
Bemis, lessons in cookery by Miss  
Ewing, lectures on model of Jerusa-  
lem and Palestine, and other things  
too numerous to be mentioned, has  
been largely attended and very in-  
structive.

The devotional hour, in charge of  
Rev. B. M. Adams, was never so  
well attended as this year. The  
attendance from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10  
has ranged from three to six hundred,  
some three or four other exercises  
going on at the same time.

The lectures have been of a high  
order, embracing a great variety of  
subjects. Rev. S. P. Henson has  
delivered two lectures, one on the  
"Golden Rule," and the other a  
"Plea for the Old." In the first  
lecture received a terrible scathing,  
and in the last the "old Bible," "old  
age," and other things ancient  
found a mighty and eloquent cham-  
pion in Dr. Henson.

Some of our heaviest metal is held  
in reserve for this closing week, and  
the momentum of the Assembly is  
constantly on the increase. Dr.  
Jewell, of Chicago, is now delivering  
a scientific lecture to a large assembly  
on the nervous system, to be followed  
by Dr. Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst  
College, on "The Philosophy of Re-  
ligion." Dr. J. B. Thomas, of  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. A. Wheeler,  
of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate,  
Joseph Cook, and others are yet to  
speak on important subjects. Specu-  
lative philosophy has been brought to  
the front but once during the Assem-  
bly. Rev. H. H. Moore made an  
assault upon "Idealism," which by  
many was thought to be effective.

### "I AM FIERCE FOR WORK."

BY S. E. B.

"I must sail for Ireland Tuesday,  
Oct. 2. I am fierce for work," was  
the reply Mr. Moody made to us a  
few days since, while rambling over  
his Northfield farm, as we asked of  
the future. To those who heard him  
in his home church last Sabbath  
evening, this expressive phrase had a  
new significance. He has had a  
summer crowded with work. The  
Northfield Seminary and the Boys'  
School have needed his constant care,  
owing to the maturing of new plans  
for the increase of their usefulness;  
and last Sunday, after preaching at  
Greenfield twelve miles away in the  
morning, and again at Miller's Falls in  
the afternoon, he came before his  
friends and neighbors in the evening  
as fresh and elastic as if the long  
summer's day had been spent in a  
hammock instead of in the harness.

Some forty bright boys were pre-  
sent, who sang with hearty earnest-  
ness a new hymn written expressly  
for them by McGrawhan, entitled,  
"Mount Hermon is Our Home."  
Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins were present,  
and the singing was a fitting prelude  
for the masterly address which fol-  
lowed. The text was, "The Jews  
seek a sign," and after touching upon  
the points of Christ's birth, life, death  
and resurrection, with fresh and vivid  
illustrations, he, apparently moved by  
the sight of his boyhood's friends,  
who were drifting along as thousands  
of our professed Christians are,  
making slow progress heavenward  
and leading none thitherward, sud-  
denly branched out into the lessons  
for us to be learned from the life of  
St. Paul.

Tenderly, lovingly, faithfully, he  
pleaded with them to seek spiritual  
power, and to rise into a new life of  
consecrated service. We have rarely  
heard, even from his lips, such a  
moving address.

Northfield Seminary begins the  
fall term Sept. 6. Fifty thousand  
dollars have just been received from  
the Marquand estate, and a new build-  
ing for students will soon be erected.  
There are so many charming sites

for it as to puzzle even Mr. Moody as  
to its exact location. An "assembly  
room," a library and a museum are  
among the pressing needs. The late  
Dr. Field, of Gill, left Mr. Moody  
quite a fine and valuable collection of  
specimens which are now packed in  
boxes, waiting for a suitable build-  
ing in which to store them.

Workmen are busy on the farm,  
and needed improvements for the  
comfort and the recreation of the  
young ladies are being made. Miss  
Hall, of Chicago, a graduate of  
Wellesley, is to take the place of Miss  
Angell, promoted to an important  
position in the parish. The Boys'  
School is specially dear to Mr.  
Moody. He says of it, "I want to  
raise up a generation to follow me  
and do something for Christ. I see  
the wisdom of the field and the de-  
mand for men! We hope here to  
train these bright lads for great use-  
fulness."

Four new buildings are nearly  
ready. A wind-mill with its brawny  
arms will throw water into these  
buildings, a fine supply having just  
been secured on the hillside below.

With these two schools compelling  
constant care and thought, with the  
great work rising before the evangeli-  
st in Ireland and London, with  
daily careful study preparing new  
sermons, with preaching two or three  
times every Sabbath, and occasional  
flights to Boston, Philadelphia and  
Chicago, we may well ask, "When  
does the man rest?" In alluding to  
his untiring service year in and year  
out, pointing to the grand old hills  
surrounding his old home, he replied,  
"There in my boyhood I laid the  
foundation for the service in which I  
am engaged."

The people of his town love this  
man, and he moves among them with  
as much simplicity as though he had  
never left the country or been heard  
of outside his village. He has a  
kindly word for all he meets, and  
even his little Paul touches his hat as  
politely to the farm laborer as to a  
king. This utter self-forgetfulness  
and entire absence of all "airs" is as  
charming as it is rare.  
Aug. 25, 1883.

### A HALF HOUR WITH THE FA- THERS.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

II.

Perhaps the most striking and origi-  
nal feature of the literature of these  
volumes is that developed in the  
department of "The Providence  
of God Assured." Christian people,  
in those days, cultivated a very  
lively, simple, childlike faith. They  
believed profoundly in the doc-  
trine of special providence. The ratio-  
nalistic or "scientific" spirit, so  
called, so characteristic of our mod-  
ern times, had not yet been made  
manifest. Instead of it, a vein of  
superstition pervaded the minds of the  
best of people—of the most intelli-  
gent and devoted Christians—and  
hence naturally crops out continually  
in their literature. Even John Wes-  
ley, as is well known, was not by  
any means altogether free from the  
taint of superstition so rife in those  
earlier, and comparatively unscien-  
tific, eras. Hence believers had a  
very keen relish for marvels—a very  
lively appreciation of the supernat-  
ural, or the preternatural. This is  
sufficiently evident from the frequent  
recurrence, in these volumes, of nar-  
ratives setting forth, apparently, di-  
vine interpositions, by way either  
of the deliverance of the righteous  
from their trouble, upon the one hand, or  
of the visitation of condign punish-  
ment upon the wicked, on the other,  
on account of their heaven-defying  
crimes.

For instance, as I write, my eye  
falls upon the following story: A  
poor widow and a certain man were  
in partnership for a profitable tract of  
land. By the hand of this partner  
this widow sent to the landlord her  
share of the rent. Nevertheless,  
after a few days, the landlord called  
on the widow and demanded his rent.  
The woman told him she had already  
sent the money to him by the hand of  
her partner. On being questioned in  
regard to the matter the latter denied  
all knowledge of the transaction. In  
a half-distracted rage, the woman  
cried out: "My God! wilt Thou al-  
[Continued on page 8.]



## Miscellaneous.

## WESLEY VERSUS SWEDENBORG.

BY REV. D. S. COLES.

Among the books which the New Church Tract and Publication Society of Philadelphia are distributing gratuitously is the "Life of Swedenborg," by William White. In this book of two hundred and sixty-five pages the author, from the standpoint of an earnest admirer of his subject, gives an account of the life and writings of this strange man. Having read it, however, with some previous knowledge of Swedenborg and his works, the writer is not prepared to accept all the conclusions reached by the author, nor is he prepared to accept all the author's statements of historic incidents as facts. Take, for instance, the account of the contemplated interview between Wesley and Swedenborg.

In February, 1772, Swedenborg wrote to Wesley a note requesting the favor of a visit, as he had been informed "in the world of spirits" that Wesley greatly desired to converse with him. Wesley, receiving this invitation at a time when he was busily engaged preparing for a six months' itinerary, postponed his visit to Swedenborg until his return; but in the meantime Swedenborg died, and the visit was never made. Mr. White says on the 264th page of his book: "Swedenborg's letter excited Wesley's curiosity to know something of the writings of so remarkable a man; and the result was a firm conviction of the rationality and truth of the heavenly doctrine promulgated in them, and a zealous activity in their diffusion, throughout the remainder of his life." The question arises, How much of this is fact? As to the reception of the note of invitation, we have no reason to question, but to what extent was Wesley's curiosity excited? And did he receive and teach the doctrines peculiar to Swedenborg? Let us see. We have reason to believe that Wesley's "curiosity" was only slightly stirred, for, if we mistake not, Wesley makes no mention whatever in his Journal of the fact that such invitation was received; and there is reason for this, for Wesley had decided two years before as to the character of the man, and it is hardly supposable that he gave more than a passing thought to this invitation; and as to Wesley's receiving and teaching the doctrines peculiar to Swedenborg, none could be more surprised than Wesley himself at such a statement.

In his Journal of March 28, 1770 (Vol. 4, p. 322), two years before Swedenborg's invitation to visit him, Wesley wrote:—

"I sat down to read and seriously consider some of the writings of Baron Swedenborg. I began with high prejudice in his favor, knowing him to be a pious man, one of strong understanding, of much learning, and one who thoroughly believed himself. But I could not hold out long. Any one of his visions puts his real character out of doubt. He is one of the most ingenious lively madmen that ever set pen to paper. But his waking dreams are so wild, so far remote from Scripture and common sense, that one might as easily swallow the stories of 'Tom Thumb' or 'Jack the Giant Killer.'"

But perhaps Wesley changed his views of Swedenborg after further reading of his works!

Nine years after the above was written, and seven years after the death of Swedenborg, Wesley again writes (Vol. 4, pp. 505, 6):—

"In traveling this week, I looked over Swedenborg's account of heaven and hell. He was a man of a strong understanding and a most lively imagination; but he had a violent fever when he was five and fifty years old, which quite overturned his understanding; nor did he recover it, but it continued 'majestic in ruins.' From that time he was exactly in the state of that gentleman at Argos,

"Who wondrous tragedies was wont to hear, Sitting alone in the empty theatre."

"His words, therefore, from that time were the dreams of a disordered imagination, just as authentic as Quevedo's 'Visions of Hell.' Of this work in particular I must observe that the doctrine contained therein is not only quite unproved, quite precarious from beginning to end, as depending entirely on the assertions of a single brain-sick man, but that in many instances it is contradictory to Scripture, to reason, and to itself. But over and above this, it contains many sentiments that are essentially and dangerously wrong. Such is that concerning the Trinity, for he roundly affirms God to be only one person who was crucified... affirming that God constantly appears in heaven in the form of a man... Add to this that his ideas of heaven are low, groveling, just sutting a Mohammedan paradise, and his account of it has a natural tendency to sink our conceptions both of the glory of heaven and of the inhabitants of it."

And then Wesley laments the fact that two pious ministers had fallen into the errors of Swedenborg.

Now, did the author of this "Life of Swedenborg" know the recorded views of Wesley, as they appear in his Journal? If so, why did he write

what by no possible means could have been true, viz., that Wesley had "a firm conviction of the rationality and truth of the heavenly doctrine promulgated" by Swedenborg? And if he did not know the views of Wesley, but drew upon his imagination for his facts, it certainly is dangerous to send this work into the homes of those acquainted with Wesley's views.

On the same page of his book Mr. White says: "Had they [Wesley and Swedenborg] met, Methodism might have been a different thing from what it is." The fact that Wesley, with his keen, logical mind, had two years before decided that Swedenborg "was the most lively madman that ever set pen to paper," does not give a very bright hope that Methodism would have been seriously affected by this meeting. Had Mr. White said: "If Wesley had met Swedenborg, and he had accepted the heavenly doctrine, Methodism would have been a different thing from what it is," then we would have had no disposition to question the writer's conclusions. Undoubtedly Methodism would then have been "a different thing from what it is." But would it have been a thing for the better? Would it have reached a larger number of souls than it has, and been the means of their salvation? Would it have exerted a stronger moral and spiritual influence upon the nation, had it accepted and lived out the peculiar teachings of Swedenborg? We unhesitatingly say no, and confidently assert that Methodism would have been rather a "thing" for execration. On Swedenborg's death-bed he said to a ministerial friend, "with great zeal and emphasis," "As true as you see me before you, so true is everything which I have written." At this time, and under these solemn circumstances, he makes no exception. All that he writes was true, and the author of his life makes no exception; to him all is "heavenly doctrine." Let us take Swedenborg's teaching on divorce and its kindred topics, and let us try to imagine the "thing" Methodism would become were it to accept these teachings. Now these teachings are peculiar to Swedenborgianism. I know of no religious body holding similar views, not even the Mormons, whose polygamy, according to Swedenborg, "cannot be imputed to men as sin" because entered into "from a principle of religion" ("Conjugal Love," p. 348).

In this work on "Conjugal Love" we find Swedenborg's teachings on divorce and kindred topics. He gives three legitimate causes for divorce—adultery, malicious desertion and obscenities. In the case of the first two, divorce must be secured from a public judge or according to law; in case of the latter the man himself may be judge and grant himself a divorce; and besides these three causes of divorce "are legitimate causes of concubinage, when the adulterous wife is retained at home" (p. 468). As to "legitimate separation" of a husband from a wife, he gives as the first excuse "a vitiated state of mind," and his reason that this is a legitimate cause for separation is that "conjugal love is a conjunction of minds; if, therefore, the mind of one of the parties takes a direction different from that of the other, such conjunction is dissolved, and with the conjunction love vanishes." Under this first cause he enumerates no less than twenty-seven different states of mind. Besides, he says there are "several other causes" for legitimate separation; among those conditions he mentions "madness," "loss of memory," "drunkenness," "uncleanliness" (p. 252). Then in the following paragraph (p. 253) he mentions the several causes for legitimate separation, viz., "a vitiated state of body," and here he mentions more than twenty different diseases which sufficiently vitiate the body to warrant legitimate separation. Among these diseases are malignant fevers, cancers, warts, a very bad breath, colic, rupture, and other like diseases." As to "concubinage," he teaches in this same volume that the causes for "legitimate separation" are also causes for legitimate "concubinage," and that they are so, "reason sees without the help of a judge" (p. 470).

Undoubtedly Methodism would have been a different "thing" were she to have received the "heavenly" teachings of this man, whom Dr. Hartly says "was endowed with heavenly gifts beyond any of the prophets that preceded him." How different let the reader judge.

A good Quaker, eighty-five years of age, whom no one ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant. He replied, "Dayton, if I never allows thy voice to rise, thee won't ever be likely to get very angry." Remember this, and try to keep your voice "soft and low."

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE SPIRITUAL.

BY E. PORTER DYER, JR.

I undertook, recently, to prepare for the press a pamphlet, written by a good Second Adventist brother, in which he had figured out, by a system of jubilee periods, the whole course of earth's history, from the creation to the year 1884, when, as he proves to his own satisfaction, the saints are to be caught up while the earth is being renovated for the new reign of a personal Christ. Judged from his standpoint, the figures must be very convincing, for he produces some singular coincidences of dates and events with the declarations of prophecy, and in various ways corroborates his own reasoning.

I was far from being convinced, however, of the sanity of his process. The more I looked at this processional and panoramic array of human events, the more trivial and insignificant it appeared, in contrast with the spiritual life of the world, underlying them all, beginning with that epoch in human history when God breathed life into man and he became a living soul, and starting with a new development when Christ breathed on His disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

The great fact which I see in the history of religion, at least on the human side of it, is the evolution of the spiritual idea. Christ's declaration that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit," must have been as true in the days of Enoch, Abraham and Moses as it is now. But those worthies could not comprehend, even as well as we do, the meaning of that declaration. Laws and restrictions, penalties and rewards, appealing to the senses, were necessary to keep common souls within the bounds of divine complacency. Here and there, a few men—prophetic souls in advance of their times—stood out in bright light to show the progress of the evolution, but when Christ came, He still found a spiritual blindness which apparently astonished Him. Had He not foreseen a miraculous opening of eyes, the spiritual stupidity of the times might well have appalled Him. That Christ's immediate disciples did not catch the spiritual intent of His teachings, is apparent enough to us. He taught the people in parables because a more abstruse or definite setting forth of spiritual truth would find no lodgment in their understandings. It is also plain, that even after receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost, and while proclaiming the teachings of Christ to the world, the disciples' perception of spiritual truth was still obtuse. Great physical events which they expected in their day, never happened, at least, as they expected them, and it remains to be proved whether any of the material and phenomenal changes which they foresaw are to be interpreted according to the letter of their predictions.

In this I am in no wise assailing the inspiration of the Scriptures. The disability of the disciples was a matter with which the Inspirer would not interfere. God never forces men to be philosophically profound. He took His spokesmen as He found them, with minds comparatively childish and thoughts and language quite incapable of compassing the deep things with which they were concerned. They put faith in the place of philosophy, and it was enough for them, nor need we greatly boast over them. With all our progress in thought, we dimly perceive before us vast reaches of spiritual truth, and are forced, as they were, to use faith as the proving of things not seen. To say that the disciples did not fully comprehend their message, does not conflict with a proper idea of their inspiration. Their thought was adapted to their growth, but the proof of its inspiration is that it is adapted to all growth. However we advance in spiritual conception, we never get beyond Christ's teachings. With every new vision of God's character and purposes we see, far before us, new light shining out of the inspired Word and alluring to further excursions in the way of divine truth.

It has been said, with a good deal of satisfaction on the part of skeptics, and heard with much dismay on the part of Christians, that science has driven the church back from pillar to post, forcing it to abandon one position after another, till it has retreated beyond the bourne whither the agnostic does not care to go. There is a good deal of truth in this, but it is a satisfying truth. Christ said of His kingdom that it was not to be discovered by scientific investigation, by close watching, "by observation," but "within you," a purely spiritual kingdom, independent of phenomena. Investigation, which probes only the material realm, cannot find out God, but those who have seen Christ and known Him have seen the Father, and the pure in heart are blessed because they see God. His character and attributes, His purposes and works, are known only to the spiritual perception, and the taunt of science is only an acknowledgment of its shortcomings. Experience, and not experiment, is the only factor which can enter the spiritual realm.

Thus far have we come in the evolution of the spiritual idea, and science has helped us, because it has forced us, on our way. Such growth is far from universal, of course, but if any souls have achieved it, it must be affirmed, and it is possible to many. What further revelations are before us, who can say? The spiritual realm is as limitless as God himself. Because we were told that God made man in His own image, we have made God in man's image and clothed Him with sensual conceptions. But we are just beginning to learn that God is a Spirit; to comprehend, if not what that means, at least some things that it does not mean, and to understand that His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. How hard it is still to divest our spiritual notions of material tram-

me! We still judge joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, by our nerves. It seems quite impossible to replace them with right and wrong, and good and evil, as synonyms. But the time may come in our evolution when we can throw off the material integument of the spiritual idea. Then we shall conceive of heaven and hell as the inevitable condition of the soul, whether in the body or out of it, and eternal because unmeasured by revolving planets and the landmarks of space. Then religion will be, not the observance of laws and precepts, nor the performance of duties nor the making of sacrifices merely, but the endeavor of the finite spirit to be like the Infinite. We shall see God as He is, and so shall be like Him. The effort to imitate Him will be our virtue, and the consciousness of His approbation will be our heaven. Ages may pass before such a day will appear on the earth, but it will come. Not only has revelation portrayed it for our encouragement, but the course of spiritual development through all time marks it as inevitable. The great and notable day of the Lord is coming all the time. The saints are being caught up, one by one, to be with the Lord, while the earth is being renovated, slowly but certainly, for the kingdom of righteousness—a spiritual kingdom of which Christ shall be the head. And He shall reign till He has seen of the travail of His soul and is satisfied. Christ satisfied! The Infinite Spirit of Love satisfied! How petty are all our bickerings and divisions, our queries and ourologies, in the light of that coming satisfaction, infinite, eternal, unchangeable, when Christ, looking over the whole realm of spirit, shall see no soul at variance with Him, and He shall deliver up the kingdom to the Father, that God may be all in all!

## ANNIVERSARY OF WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

At Ocean Grove.

Through the kindness of Dr. Stokes, president of the Association, Aug. 14 was devoted to exercises in behalf of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The services were inaugurated by an hour of prayer in the Tabernacle, led by Mrs. Goff of Germantown, Philadelphia. Bishop Harris presided over the large meetings in the amphitheatre, morning, afternoon and evening; Mrs. R. B. Hayes, who is president of the Society, being unavoidably absent; and the Bishop by his earnest and appropriate remarks added great interest and enthusiasm to the meeting.

The addresses, which were given by representative men and women of the church, in behalf of this enterprise, were listened to by very large audiences. The object of the Society is "to enlist the women of the church in organized effort in behalf of the destitute sections of our own country."

The speakers of the National Educational Assembly and of the Freedman's Aid Society for nearly a week had been demonstrating the great need for missionary work, submitting startling facts of the alarming illiteracy, vice and degradation existing in this country, and of the dangers threatening our Christian institutions from these causes. Immediately following these meetings came the anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the church, urging organized effort among the women of the land to systematically labor for the improvement of our neglected populations by the ministrations of Christian women, instructing the ignorant mothers, and training the children in the principles of economy and morality essential to the home, thus beginning at the foundations of society.

The movement should commend itself to every thinking person. Said one distinguished speaker: "This is the common-sense, the practical, the Christian, the only way the object can be obtained."

Bishop Harris said he was glad to be present to give official endorsement to this enterprise. This was the youngest society in the church, but it had already shown a vigor and enterprise that promised a future of great usefulness. It had entered upon a most needy and important field of labor, and he complimented the wisdom of its plans and the success which it had already achieved in the short period of its history. He said the movement had the approval of the Board of Bishops and of the Missionary Society, and it had received the formal and cordial approval of over fifty of the Annual Conferences. He urged the church to rally to its support with liberal contributions and earnest prayer.

Mrs. R. S. Rust, corresponding secretary, said that the field of labor of the Society embraced the South and the Western frontiers. In view of the fact that a special woman's work for women and children is demanded—a work which no other society existing in the church is organized to do—she urged Methodist women to enter upon this field of labor, as the women of other denominations have already done, and share in this Christian enterprise.

Mrs. L. M. Danton, of South Carolina, who has resided in the South for ten years and been laboring under the auspices of this Society since its organization, held the closest attention of the audience as she represented the wonderful resources of the country, its future of greatness and the needs of the people. Mrs. Danton feels the deepest interest in the elevation of the women of the South, and her labors among them have been blessed with great success.

Rev. Mr. Hargis, of Germantown, in his brief but pointed address, was cordially received. He urged the obligation of pastors towards this enterprise, and by facts of experience showed that the interest of other branches of church benevolence is promoted by the organization of this Society, which quickens the spiritual life and the activities of a church.

Bishop Campbell led the devotional exercises of the afternoon service. Mrs. S. B. Darnell, of Jacksonville, Florida, illustrated by facts of her experience the importance of a department in connection with our schools for the special training of girls in the duties of housekeeper, wife and mother. Mrs. A. S. Quinton, secretary of the National Indian Association, represented the wrongs and sufferings of the Indians, giving facts and incidents that must appeal to the sympathies of all. Dr. Cooke, president of the Claflin University, S. C., said, ten years' experience at the head of that institution had thoroughly convinced him of the necessity for such a work as is contemplated by this Society. Instruction for girls in the duties of the home is needed to supplement the teaching of the schools. Miss Jane Bancroft, dean of the Woman's College of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., represented the missionary needs of our frontier Territories, Idaho and Colorado, and appealed to women to come to the aid of their suffering sisters in that section.

An immense audience listened in the evening to addresses by Mrs. Danton, Dr. C. H. Fowler, and Dr. Kynett. Mrs. Danton in the morning had called attention to the needs of the whites in the South, and in the evening she portrayed in a touching and impressive manner the claims of the colored people.

Dr. Fowler held the closest attention of the audience by a startling array of facts, arguments and appeals, as he set forth the mission fields of this country. He arraigned the nation for allowing this vile system of Mormonism, of which he claimed that even polygamy is the most redeeming feature, to trench itself in the heart of the country, and he urged the audience to aid this Society by liberal contributions in planting schools in connection with our missions in Utah, as the most successful instrumentality in saving the people from this evil which threatens the very existence of the nation.

Dr. Kynett closed with a few appropriate remarks expressing cordial approval of the objects of the Society, and urging the people to give it earnest co-operation and substantial support.

The choir, led by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, added the charm of music and hymns, well chosen and artistically rendered. Dr. Stokes said that the addresses were the most spiritual and practical of the series of meetings, and he commended the object by his words of cordial approval and by his satisfaction with the anniversary.

L. A.

## A LINK RESTORED.

Mr. Editor: The following letter from an old Methodist of ninety years of age, was received by me this week, and though only a private letter, I have taken the liberty which I trust he will pardon—of asking its publication in the HERALD. The chirography is clear and steady, almost equal to my own (a laugh among our types) and written without glasses! We must take care of these few remaining old heroes, for, as one said of our grandmothers, we shall have no more.

M. TRAFTON.

Camden, Me., Aug. 12, 1883.

DEAR BRO. TRAFTON: You seem to be fond of antiquities. I would introduce myself as an old English Methodist. Awakened by Wm. Bramwell when on Newcastle circuit, I joined class as a seeker, and in three weeks I was soundly converted to God in answer to the prayers of the leader and class, in February, 1818. In 1819 I came to this country, and went to work at paper-making at Newton Lower Falls. In 1820 I went to camp-meeting at Wellfleet on the Cape, where I saw the slaying power of Almighty God, ministers lying as dead men, such as Stephen Lovell, Charles Barnes and others. One hundred ministers were present and one hundred souls converted. As Kent presided. I remember David Kilburn, G. Gunn, E. T. Taylor, W. Fisk, Samuel Snowdon. Such power I have never seen since nor before. In 1822 I was married to one of the Bennett girls in Boston—one is still alive, now 87 years old. That same year, I think, Zion's HERALD commenced. I took it. The first four years of it I had bound in two volumes and sent to England.

But what caused me to make this effort to write to you now, is your article in Zion's HERALD of July 25 about Springer's Hymns, which I was very glad to see, as they are, and have been all these years, great favorites of mine. I have a copy now, and have sold dozens of them. I would endorse all you have said about them, and all Bro. Wentworth has in the HERALD of Aug. 8 about you and them. I was well acquainted with Bros. Springer and Moor in Gardiner, and have partaken of their kind hospitality many times.

Bro. Trafton, I am not much acquainted with you personally, but I have loved to read your writings in the HERALD, or wherever else I could find them. I do not remember seeing you except once, at the great State Convention at Portland—I ought to have said Sabbath-school Convention—a great many years ago, when I noticed that none of the speakers but yourself could get the attention of the scholars to any extent. But what startled me most in your account of the old hymns was the name "Rebecca Swan." That is my wife's name, very dear to me. How came you to have it in your Springer's Hymn-book? But on the second look I found I was mistaken, for this Orono lady had another name besides Swan—few Swans in this State. But the name Rebecca (so dear to me for sixty-one years) seemed to captivate me for the time being. You, dear sir, know how to sympathize with me, having lost your dear partner about the same time.

As you are so fond of old things and old hymns (as well as myself), I feel inclined to give you a little more of my history, and you will make all allowance for my old age and unavoidable infirmities, as well as my ignorance in my second childhood. Well, the first

time I admired your style of writing was in 1850, on your passage to England. I went to England the same year to the Crystal Palace in London, where I stopped four weeks, and heard good preachers, such as Dr. Beaumont, Dr. Newton and Dr. Punshon. And in this country I have heard Moffat many times in Boston, Summerfield in New York (1826), and Lorenzo Dow at Milford camp-meeting and at Cambridgeport where he preached two hours without any one getting tired. His text was in Job: "But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

I have been interested in your articles about your fishing trips in the backwoods of Maine, etc., and you described my feelings completely in describing your own about the cold weather, so much colder and harder to bear last winter than ever before.

Well, I want to say a word about my better half, who, like your dear partner, has gone to her long-sought home. We have both felt very lonely; and sad. I have said mine was my better half; she was a great help to me as well as to the cause of God; she was always active and loved to work for the Master, and it was our fortune to move around a great deal to different places—to Newton Lower Falls, Natick, Pepperell, Saccarapa, Union. In all of these places we had Methodist preaching for the first time, and class-meeting in our house and some conversions. In 1828 we moved to Camden, where we have kept a home for Methodist preachers for forty years. Besides, my wife went out nursing sick bodies as well as their souls until she, like myself, was all run down and worn out. But I have said I am old. Solomon has said: "Three-score years and ten is the common age of man, but if by strength he arrives at four-score, it is all labor and sorrow." Solomon sets the time at three score and ten, but I have got to near four-score and ten.

I was born May 8, 1794, which makes me 89 last May. But I never saw much sorrow or trouble until three and a half years ago, when I had a slight stroke of palsy in my head and I could not speak for two or three hours; and I have not seen a really well day since. And as seldom one shock comes alone, I expected the second would take me home, and I have been living every day as if it was my last, and every letter I have written since, I have expected would be my last; but I think this will be. Oh, I did that life without health is not desirable, but whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and Job says, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not receive evil?" I am a wonder to myself. I can write this without glasses, and I can read a little at a time, and see to shave myself yet. Many temporal blessings are mine that others have not. It is better to dwell on the bright side; it will not be long, heaven will make amends. I can say with one of old, "The Lord has satisfied me with long life and showed me His salvation." This salvation I find in the Bible—free, full, and a present salvation, promised to all who will comply with its conditions, i.e., repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. On these conditions I accepted it, and now feel the evidence daily that it is present.

Bro. Trafton, I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you, being a stranger, and make all due allowance for my weakness, for I was excited about Springer's Hymn-book. I have been reading it to-day. I find that I committed the most of the hymns to memory long, long ago. And then again to see that dear name, "Rebecca Swan," in print! No wonder I was startled. I am expecting (rather desiring) it to go home every day. There I expect to meet Bro. Trafton, where parting will be no more forever. So prays

JOHN SWAN.

## HELP! HELP!

"Come over into Macedonia and help us." The above call is from a beautiful little town of six or eight hundred inhabitants, in southwest Missouri, situated 265 miles southwest of St. Louis, on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, on the ridge of the Ozark Mountains, in the most beautiful climate I have ever known, especially for lung troubles.

We have a Collegiate Institute here, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, which has had a hard struggle to live for five years; but last summer our principal and financial agent secured the country and succeeded in raising \$2,500, which has set the Institute on a firm basis, and the past year has been one of unsurpassed success, so that all are encouraged; but still we are in need of much to meet increasing demands.

First, as a town, we need some live men of means to start some factories, as a cotton or cheese factory would do well and are much needed. As a school, we need more money to repair building and grounds, for a well, for an organ for the school and church, and for some very much-needed library books. Besides, we have been drained of so much money for the school, that we have no church building, but use the school-room for preaching. Our library is made up from donations of some kind-hearted books, in all about 300. I know many of the readers of the HERALD have books, and good ones too, that they would like to see doing good. We can use them and need them very much, as ours are mostly theological books, not very interesting or useful to students.

Now, my dear readers, both young and old, rich and poor, can you not "cast your bread upon the waters" by sending us money anywhere from fifty cents up, or by sending some books? I assure you they will be welcome, and you will have our hearty thanks, and, I trust, God's blessing. We appeal especially to rich members of the church, who are looking around for some institution to endow. Eastern schools are well cared for, and we need missionary

work as well as India. Can you not lend a helping hand, for we have no funds whatever?

Now I do not ask this without your first investigating and becoming satisfied that we are worthy; and for that purpose please address F. S. Beags, Kansas City, secretary of St. Louis Conference, or John Tarrentine, principal and financial agent, for catalogue and further information. Hoping many will respond to this call, I subscribe myself,

CHAS. A. MITCHELL.

Marionville, Mo.

## REMOVAL OF THE RULE OF LIMITATION.

BY REV. D. A. WHEDON, D. D.

Let us rid ourselves at the outset of some of the misconceptions that unfortunately for its fair consideration have gathered around this question.

1. As to the relation of the rule to the constitution of the church. In its well-known Quarterly Review article Dr. E. O. Haven used this remarkable language: "Strike out these words [namely, those limiting the power of the bishops to appoint] and the hierarchy absolutely has no constitutional regulation whatever. There is no compulsory itinerancy left." If this means anything, it is that the "regulation" is in the constitution; for if it meant a rule in accordance with the constitution, the statement would be untrue, since the rule empowering the bishops to appoint would still remain. Yet even the astute Dr. Buckley endorses him, and the genial Dr. George, quoting "the constitutional term" approvingly, falls into the same error. They all three make the rule of limitation a part of the constitution (the General Rules and Restrictive Rules taken together), whereas it is simply a statute amendable or revocable at pleasure by the General Conference. The constitution simply protects the power of the bishops to fix the appointments.

2. As to the itinerary. When in the General Conference of 1864 a resolution was offered instructing a committee to consider the expediency of the removal of the rule of limitation, Dr. Griswold shouted as the vote to table was being taken: "It is a movement to strike a death-blow at the itinerary!" And so the question went down, and yet these nineteen intervening years of experience and thought have taught thousands who love the itinerary that the measure is imperatively demanded by the best interests of the church. It can be neither shouted down nor ridiculed down; if it can be argued down, let it be done.

Precisely what was Dr. Griswold's view of the itinerary we do not know. Dr. Haven seemed to have held it to be identical with the rule of limitation. The popular understanding is a frequent moving under episcopal direction. But what is its meaning as interpreted by the history of the church? Simply this: It is a system of appointment year by year of pastors to churches by a third party to whom both ministers and people have entrusted that power. Any limiting of that power is a limiting of the itinerary. It is a system of appointment by year of pastors to churches by a third party to whom both ministers and people have entrusted that power. Any limiting of that power is a limiting of the itinerary. It is a system of appointment by year of pastors to churches by a third party to whom both ministers and people have entrusted that power. Any limiting of that power is a limiting of the itinerary.

3. As to a settled pastorate. It is said that the removal of the rule will work a settled pastorate. In the nature of things this is impossible. In such a pastorate the arrangement at the outset provides for permanency, with no question, as a year is closing, of the continuance of the arrangement. It goes on as a matter of course. But under the Methodist system a pastor is appointed for only one year at a time; and as the year closes the question of his continuance is raised. He is either re-appointed, or a second year, or a third, or even a fifth, as some advocates of extension desire, and so be in a very harmless sense a permanent pastor, that is, so long as he stays; but only by a misuse of episcopal power can he be appointed for more than a single year at a time. It would be an infringement of the itinerary which is worthy of the attention of those lovers of it who regard themselves as apostles of the itinerancy, and who feel apprehensive of the results to the itinerancy and themselves of either the extension to five years or the removal of the limit.

That there are objections to the removal of the limit and equity to extension is conceded. There are always objections to suggested changes, and a wise conservatism always finds them and weighs them. But, with what has been said above, must of them be soon dismissed. It is said, for instance, that some exhaust their usefulness in the legal term. Very likely, and they should move; but some have but fairly begun it, and these should stay. Then there is the old hominum argument reminding us that we may not ourselves be numbered with the favored few, as if personal considerations were the highest motive for honest men. There is also an *ad captum* argument which sedulously appeals to the ambition of young ministers for the chief appointments, the sole effect of which upon them can be but to disgust them. Then comes the point of honor argument, on which many now stay three years when their work is earlier done, which is really an argument for a return to the true itinerancy, by an appointment for a single year. Weightiest of all and most difficult to dismiss is the alleged episcopal feebleness, which will be unable to move without friction a minister who ought to be moved. The worn and weary Asbury, who was intensely devoted to frequent moving, is summoned to decision on the bench. We are reminded of the fact that the poles for his own, and a pleasant saying of Bishop James, the very embodiment of will, is as gravely cited as if it were a decision on the bench. Our ministers and people are not the disloyal set that is implied; and our bishops have never yet shown that timidity of spirit and weakness of will that such an objection supposes. Not one of them, if they are judged of from a forty years' acquaintance, would for a moment hesitate to send half a Conference across the continent if he believed it necessary for the good of the church, and yet we are called trembling to gaze upon him standing awe-struck and pale before some refractory minister whose time to go is fully come! Such a bishop would manifestly be unfit for his place.

It is admitted that there are "exceptional cases" in which the rule works injuriously. There are, in fact, so many of them that they constitute a large class. Side by side stand a Methodist minister and a Presbyterian minister, both of equal ability and devotion, and both doing grand work. There is no reason why the Methodist should leave, which does not apply to his brother, except that a Presbyterian is well cared for, and we need missionary

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

## Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1883.

Watch! watch continually! watch against Satan, and tread him under your feet; watch against the world, and pray to be kept from its influence and spirit; watch against the heart, and pray that it may be made pure by the blood of the Lamb; watch against the seductions of time, and being led astray by the concerns of life, and seek a preparation for the realities of eternity!

A lens of ice may be used to ignite gunpowder without being much melted by the rays which it transmits. And there are some teachers of revealed truth who can move their hearers without being themselves made obedient to the words they teach. Profitable to others, they are themselves unprofitable. Alas for such! In spite of their wonderful works they are in danger of hearing the Searcher of hearts say to them: "I never knew you." Happy, therefore, is that teacher of the truth to whom the truth is meat, drink, joy, purity and eternal life!

That believer who dwells more upon his own baseness and guilt than upon his own blessedness and guilt than upon who died to save him from both, will surely fall through the buffetings of Satan into the bottomless quagmire of unbelief. To him who is given to such excessive self-censure, the following prayer of St. Anselm is very appropriate: "Have respect, O Lord, to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against Thee; my flesh hath provoked Thee to vengeance, let the flesh of Christ move Thee to mercy! It is much that my rebellious have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited."

What a world of change! "The fashion of this world passeth away." What constant change! Look at it—now sunshine, then storm; now spring or summer, then autumn or winter; now all gay, then all gloom; now all smooth, then all raging and terrific; now all smiles, then all frowns; now all health, then all sickness; now all joy, then all tears; now all life, then all death. There is the sickly child, and there the tortured sinner; there the gay, festive banquet, and yonder the drear, sombre tomb; there the mansion of magnificence and splendor, and yonder the cot of squalid misery. Who would love the world, idolize it, depend on it? Rather trust the rising wave, the flitting sunbeam, the passing breeze. "Nothing true but heaven."

Lord Bacon, to whom nature was a book he loved to study, says of the prophets, "Love your enemies." "Bless them that curse you," etc., that "Words like these indeed deserve the praise that the sound is more than human." The voice which utters them surpasses the powers of nature: Wherefore it is not to be doubted that a great part of the moral law is marked by a perfection to which nature cannot aspire." Bacon speaks truly. Yet to-day many voices are heard, bidding men reject the Author of those perfect precepts and accept in His place the purblind philosophy derived from the imperfect study of that material world which was itself made by the Christ whose authority they deny, whose supreme claims they deride. A fitting reply to such insano voices is Paul's noble declaration, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The more proud men deride Christ, so much the more should good men love Him.

"Unesay lies the head that wears a crown," is the confession which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of a king. It is based on the universal truth that men's cares, vexations and trials are generally proportioned to the distinctions they win. If some men admire and honor distinguished persons, others envy, censure and accuse them. When, for example, Wilfrid, the self-denying and daring precursor of the Reformation, drew the eyes of all Englishmen to himself by his bold words and progressive ideas, his enemies attributed his actions to his ambition and to the alleged hatred of the begging friars. His noble response was, "Let God be my witness, that before everything I have God's glory in my eye and the good of

the church, which springs out of reverence of Holy Scripture and following the law of Christ." This was indeed a pillow of down for an uneasy head. Happy is that distinguished man of to-day, be he statesman, author, orator or citizen, who has this precious pillow in his possession!

The call of God to a sinning man may be given in startling tones, throwing his conscience into a state of sudden terror. Usually it is a gentle voice such as Lydia heard when she was moved to give heed to the words of Paul calmly spoken at the river side. As Whittier, our Quaker poet, sings:—  
"Oh, gently by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
Or vapors o'er a glass.  
The summons to the right and true  
And merciful is made."

The rebukes of conscience, the sighs of the heart for peace, for virtue, and for immortal hopes are evidences of God's voices calling weary and heavy-laden souls to seek rest in Him. Faithfully heeded, these heavenly whisperers lead men into the religious life and finally to heaven; wilfully neglected, they add to the blackness of human guilt and petrify the heart. Happy and wise, therefore, is that sinful soul who recognizes the divine call, and  
"Though dropping as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above  
Holy and gentle, beads it well,  
That call to truth and love."

### THE LIBRARIANS IN BUFFALO.

We have enjoyed the opportunity of attending the sessions of the American Library Association, held last week in the city of Buffalo. When, seven years since, the Association was formed, much doubt was expressed as to the possibility of awakening sufficient interest to secure or justify the continuance of annual congresses. It was thought by some that its public interest would be soon talked out. The meeting in Boston, four years ago, brought out a remarkable array of talent and secured a series of peculiarly suggestive and instructive lectures; but the meetings which have followed, if they have not been as brilliant, have all of them been interesting and well attended, and the last gathering was considered the most practical in many respects and profitable of all, while the attending receptions and courtesies of the public-spirited and generous citizens of Buffalo have rendered the occasion a memorable one. One of the early sessions of the Association was held, by the invitation of the British Association, in London, and at the next year's meeting, which will be called in Toronto, Canada, the attendance of English librarians is expected. It is calculated that there are five thousand public libraries in this country, and a large representation from all these may be expected from time to time at these conferences.

There is a remarkable variety of interests represented at these meetings—State libraries, college libraries, professional and technical libraries, purely reference libraries, libraries owned by stockholders, free and public circulating libraries—exhibiting necessarily a wide difference in arrangement and management, and calling for varied policies and administrations. All, however, have many subjects for consideration in common, and no one can be connected with either form of book distribution and education without feeling more or less interest in all forms of the work. Books thus collected are exposed to common perils by fire, dampness, the poison of bad air and gases, and from dust and numerous insects. But the chief interest of these occasions gathers around the public circulating library, and it is wonderful how many questions of vital interest to the community, arising out of the relation of these institutions to public education and morals, have been started and ably discussed at these gatherings. These discussions, both as listened to, and as afterwards published, have attracted much attention throughout the country. Libraries have been very rapidly multiplied during the last half score of years, and more are already announced. Delegates from distant States, from as far as Omaha at the West, and from all portions of the Northern and Middle States, are to be found at the meetings of the Association. Many of the attendants are connected with new enterprises, and are eager to avail themselves of the experience of those who have long been connected with the work.

This result has been already gained—that it has been fully demonstrated that the public library is not a passive, but an active, element in the education of the community; that it may and will accomplish much positive good or evil. It is no longer looked upon as a simple repository of books to be voluntarily used at the discretion of the community; a great depository of works not usually to be found in private libraries; a means of public entertainment secured by a common tax, to be simply administered according to the tastes and desires of the surrounding community. The hour

has passed when it was considered in no wise an aggressive institution, seeking to form and improve the public mind and morals. The serious nature of the trust of administering such a popular university is beginning to be profoundly felt. The intelligent managers are instituting measures for elevating and purifying the public taste, and for bringing more distinctly and attractively before the reading community the more instructive forms of literature. Especially is this true in reference to the young people and children of the community. One of the most interesting papers and discussions of the late meeting had for the topic, the measures now in use in public libraries to guard the reading of the children, to direct it and interest the young people in wholesome and entertaining books, and the plans for connecting more closely the public school with the library, making the latter a positive aid to the intelligent teacher.

The novel has its strongly-intrenched place in the public library, but it has been made evident, by the annual statistics of these institutions, that works of history, science, biography, and general literature are enjoying an increasing average of circulation and the former a gradual decrease. There would be more satisfaction in this result were we not confronted by another fact, that while the novel in the library has lost some of its supremacy, there has been, in later years, an enormous growth in the circulation of such libraries of fiction as those published weekly by the Harpers, and Munro's "Seaside" series. The one mitigating fact is the somewhat careful selection, both as to literary merit and moral character, of these weekly issues. When a whole novel can be bought for ten or fifteen cents, families will not avail themselves of the tardy opportunities of the public library, but will purchase the early perusal of these works. Upon the editors of story papers and the publishers of cheap standard fictions rests a serious responsibility which they may well consider, in connection with these great public circulating media for the people's reading. Owing to this cause—the publication of cheap novels—and the great change in the character of the population of the northern and central wards of Boston, the circulation of books, chiefly those of a fictitious character, has fallen off some 100,000 volumes in the last four years; about 50,000 last year. A matter of much significance every way.

By literary clubs formed for historical or scientific study, or the reading of regularly-arranged courses, now being so rapidly formed, a manifest change in the reading habits of young people is being secured. One of our Methodist pastors of Cincinnati was introduced to us, last week, as a minister who felt it both a privilege and duty to preach upon the reading of young people, and who found occasion to refer appreciatively to the efforts of the librarian of the public library of the city, in this direction. Our own church has been putting forth commendable endeavors, especially in the department presided over by Dr. Vincent, not simply to supply wholesome reading for young people, but to secure organizations, or lyceums, which will develop habits of reading and study.

Nothing could have been asked of polite attention in addition to those proffered by the friends of libraries in Buffalo and lavishly bestowed upon the Association. They secured for the members moderate prices at the first hotel of the city—the Genesee House. A wealthy family club of the city, which has an elegant house with broad and beautiful grounds on Grand Island, gave the Association a reception, providing a sail in two fine steam yachts around the whole island (coming within view of the mists perpetually rising over Niagara), and spreading a sumptuous table in their immense club dining-hall, before the return. They also arranged an afternoon and evening visit, with a supper, at the great Falls. The day and the evening selected for this visit were perfect. Niagara never changes. Its sublimity never weakens. The oftener you see it, the grander it seems. Never did a company better appreciate its grandeur. It was an amusing illustration of popular taste, to notice in the evening, while the mighty cataract was pouring down its varied colored waters in their awful volume near by, great bodies of the visitors from different parts of the country sitting with exquisite delight for hours before a really pretty exhibition of the effects produced by variegated colored lights upon jets and sprays of water, arranged in Prospect Park. Anywhere but in sound and sight of the Falls this might be endured to while away the time; but the multitude was fascinated. "This," said an enraptured countryman to his girl by his side, "this is

worth the money!" The Falls was only the plunge of an avalanche of water forever flowing, but these pretty, kaleidoscopic effects were something not common!

A leading Buffalo banker, Mr. Charles A. Sweet, an official member of the Delaware Avenue M. E. Church, proffered his fine family coach for Dr. W. S. Studley (his pastor, and the esteemed friend of many of our New England readers) to show the editor of ZION'S HERALD the beauties of Buffalo—its long avenues arranged like parks, its elegant private mansions, and the immense new Park, laid out in recent years, already beautiful, but full of large promise for the future. We had an opportunity, also, in company with Dr. Studley, of examining the stately and model stone edifice where he preaches greatly to the satisfaction of a large audience. We have never seen a church more convenient, more substantial and solidly beautiful, without any unnecessary ornament. Nothing is crowded. Its chapel and its separate Sunday-school rooms, its class-rooms, pastor's study and ladies' parlor, are rare illustrations of perfect taste. The crowding beauty is its entire relief from indebtedness. Indeed, the generous brethren of this church have nobly aided in the common work of freeing their sister churches from their financial embarrassments—a fraternal course that all our cities and large towns with several churches would do well to follow. Dr. Studley and his family are enjoying their lake shore home; its atmosphere proves beneficial to their health. We doubt not his present pastoral term will prove one of great usefulness in his important field of labor. On the walls of one of the rooms in the Delaware Avenue M. E. Church, among the portraits of other honored pastors, hangs the striking, intellectual face of Rev. Ira J. Bidwell, whose lamented death touched so many hearts in New England.

Interested in our fine public library in Newton city, and generally in the elevation of the community, and especially in the intellectual and moral training of the young, we have been greatly stimulated and profited by this congress of the lovers of, and laborers among, books, as well as refreshed physically by a particularly pleasant trip. Of course we cannot come past Dr. Strong's in Saratoga without stopping, and from this famous sanitarium we may say a word to our readers next week.

### GOD'S LOOMS AND MAN'S.

At the very beginning of human life on the earth we encounter the ridge of divine providence. We are told in Genesis that the Lord God made coats of skins for Adam and Eve, and clothed them. There is no reason to suppose that this manufacture of clothing was by other hands than those of the first pair. The meaning of the statement is the same as that in Christ's appeal, "Shall He not also clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Christ's reference to the grass of the field is suggestive in a too-often-neglected sense; for the grass of the field does clothe itself by the ongoing of its vital operations. These grassy spinners and weavers of the soft and gay fabrics that surpass Solomon's glory in richness and beauty do the work which Christ says that God does. The flowers of the field clothe themselves; and yet it is true that God clothes them. Adam and Eve clothed themselves; and yet it is true that God clothed them. We clothe ourselves; and yet it is also true that God clothes us. If we can read the riddle straight, we shall never have any more trouble about the fact that there is a divine providence in the earth.

Let us begin with the grass of the field. Here no question of volition seems to trouble our thought. We see the grass growing by the employment of its vital powers upon materials in earth, water or air. We know that without this vital activity in the plant it will not be clothed; but we also know that the plant does not make earth, shower or sunshine. God made and makes these, and He made and makes the plant capable of using the soil and the sunbeam. Now in ordinary thinking the rain and the light are fixed facts, and the plant's vitality the variable factor, so that we attend most to this factor when we think of it. But we know in a moment that this vitality of the flower is a little thing, and the natural forces by which it climbs up into the light a very large thing. And so we can easily realize the utter dependence of the plant on the great world from whose bosom it springs, on the great sun from whose golden cup it drinks life. Religion by Christ's month says, "God so clothes the flower," because religion affirms that the earth, rain and sun are God's work and God's working. At one

point of view the flower makes its own glorious robe; at another point of view God's hand is seen weaving the robe out of other things which He has made. In its modesty the lily will cry out, "God made me;" and to a rational soul it will be equally clear that the lily has made itself. Even the dumb things that live by the grace of God are permitted and required to build their own lives. The fit soil lies under their feet; the great sky glows over their heads; the dew and the rains fill their little cups. But they must use all these in accordance with natural laws and harmonies in order to live upon all this beneficence of the great God.

If we turn from the flower of the field to ourselves, we shall see our personal will acting in the place of the vitality of the flower; but we shall also see that we could not possibly clothe ourselves, that God does the greater part of the work of clothing us. There are two looms with flying shuttles at work before our eyes. One is God's great loom, in which all the materials of our clothing are growing into being and beauty, that the other loom, man's little loom, may take them and weave them into human garments. The religious sense, keeping watch of the great shuttle of the divine Weaver, says: "God clothes us as He clothes the grass which to-day is and to-morrow is not." The natural sense, losing sight of the mighty loom of God, cries out, "Man makes his own clothing." Both views are true views; but neither can exclude the other; the combination of them makes religion natural and the natural religious. He who sees both looms working to a common end has before him the explanation of providence. He sees what God does and does not do; what man does and cannot do. He may not find the meeting place of the human and divine operations, but he will know all that he practically needs to know of the relations of providence to human life.

"But there is here no place for a special providence?" Is it not altogether special? The Lord God clothed Adam and his wife. It is hard to come closer to special providence than that statement in Genesis. If we have justly conceived of its meaning, we see ample room for a special providence for every man. That kind of a special providence is not, of course, satisfactory to people who want God all to themselves for a few minutes every day; but to broader Christians it is a comfort to feel that God's looms make dresses for the lilies and coats for men—for all lilies and all men—simultaneously, so that no lily need want a dress nor any man a coat because God is preoccupied in dressing others. That is special enough, surely, which puts clothing on our backs. We know that we could not make it ourselves if God's looms did not play. Surely they play for us when we get the product of these looms. This is just the kind of special providence that Jesus had in view when He said, "Shall He not clothe you?" In like perfect modes as those which make the lilies glorious, the Father clothes all His children. No one shall lack clothing who takes up the product of the great loom and weaves it by his industry into garments. But there need not be (how can there be?) a special providence that excuses us from keeping our human looms at work.

### BRIEF MENTION.

—Chauauqua keeps adding to its curriculum—this time it is a "college of cookery."  
—"Beecher is a man of genius"—Spurgeon is a man of God." That's the way a man in London put it, according to Prof. Park.  
—Among those who called at our office last week were Rev. Drs. J. O. Peck and O. H. Tiffany, and Rev. Wm. Ainley, of Digby, N. S.  
—Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has an endorsement of his views on the study of dead languages in colleges, in George William Curtis, in the September Harper's.  
—The Examiner writes the epitaph of the Concord School of Philosophy: "It died of Doctor Harris."  
—The motto of the Kansas Prohibitionist is, "A school-house on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley."  
—The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library are, "Sir Iom," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Robert Reid, Cotton Spinner," by Alice O'Hanlon; and "Disarmed," by Miss Betham Edwards.  
—The Celestials are dying out, says Dr. Happer, the venerable missionary, who has discovered a steady decrease in their numbers. Still, as there are fully 300,000,000 left, we would better not slacken our missionary efforts.  
—The Canada Presbyterian says: "A magnificent proposal has been made by Mr. William Gooderham, of Toronto. He offers to the Methodist Church a site in Toronto worth \$50,000, provided the United Church will shut up Victoria and Albert Universities, situated in Cobourg and Belleville respectively, and consolidate them in one building, to be erected on the site donated."  
—The American Institute of Christian Philosophy, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Deems, is holding its fourth summer session at Richmond Springs, N. Y. The opening lecture was given by Rev. Dr. Hylance, of New York, on "Counter Currents," and excited much comment. Lectures are arranged for daily until the end of the month. This is by far the most prosperous session which this school has yet enjoyed.

—Somebody has figured up the losses by fire for the six months ending June 30—\$44,000,000. Who will figure the losses of the final conflagration? "Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

—The cholera, or plague, is rapidly diminishing, in its mortality, in Egypt. In our own country the ravages of yellow fever continue to be circumscribed within the cordon maintained around the Navy Yard at Pensacola. It certainly looks now as though our land would escape this season the pestilential scourge.

—The Churchman discovers "a step toward unity" in the disposition shown, among the great denominational bodies, not to inaugurate new church enterprises in communities already occupied and where there is no call for them. The leaves of Dr. Gladden's articles in the Century on "The Christian League in Connecticut" is evidently working.

—That is a good idea, and a hopeful plan, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to revive an order in the English Church of home-mission preachers, who shall give themselves exclusively to Gospel proclamation. There is no better prescription for rescuing the masses than to "preach the Word" directly to them.

—Our Presbytery brethren have good reason to mourn the loss of one of their ablest men in the death of Rev. Samuel J. Wilson, D. D., LL. D., of the Allegheny Theological Seminary—following closely upon that of the venerable Dr. Hornblower, of the same institution. The Interior says of him: "Dr. Wilson was symmetrical in mind and character, neat of habit and agreeable presence. With all his intellectual strength and his scholarship, he combined tender sympathies and an easily stirred emotional nature. Human, humane, brilliant in talents, modest and devoted, Allegheny has met with a loss of the first magnitude in his untimely death."

—Secretary Teller is hopeful that the Indian question will shortly cease to be a question. The happy results obtained in the school at Carlisle, Pa., need only be multiplied by the establishment of a sufficient number of similar schools—a cheaper expedient than fighting—and the problem will be solved. Following this educational policy, possibly resulting from it, will be the abolition of tribal relations, the recognition of Indian citizenship, and the division of reservation lands among the Indians in severalty. These changes may be slowly adopted, but they seem sure to come, provided education takes the lead.

—About the only terra incognita left to us in Greenland, and that will not long remain unknown if its icy barriers can be penetrated. Nordenskjöld, the famous Arctic explorer, has already organized a scientific expedition to explore the interior of that strange land, which he believes to be wooded and tillable, and especially to find out what became of the flourishing colonies planted there in the ninth century by Eric the Red, of which no report has been received since the fourteenth century. The results of this expedition will be awaited with interest.

—The Examiner has been investigating the stock of books available for Sunday-school libraries, and finds that, discarding works of fiction and those not distinctly religious—which is the principle of selection recommended by many—not enough books are left to form a decent readable library. "The books do not exist that meet the three conditions of religious tendency, literary merit and adaptation to children, in sufficient number to make a library for any but the smallest school." Here is a chance for our writers who are looking for an unexplored field, but who warn them beforehand that it will demand their best efforts.

—According to the "American Newspaper Catalogue" of Edwin Alden & Bro., Cincinnati, Ohio, just published, containing over 800 pages, the total number of newspapers and magazines published in the United States and Canada is 13,186 (showing an increase over last year of 1,028). Total in the United States 12,179; Canada, 1,007. Published as follows: Dailies, 1,227; tri-weeklies, 71; semi-weeklies, 151; weeklies, 9,555; bi-weeklies, 23; semi-monthlies, 237; monthlies, 1,324; bi-monthlies, 12.

—We are not accustomed to turn to the pages of our brightly lit-up *Commonwealth*, for camp-meeting tidings or Methodist exhortations. That excellent sheet has its chosen field and fills it well. It was both surprising, therefore, and gratifying to find a prominent column and a half of its latest issue filled with a verbatim report of Bro. Bates' vehement, pathetic and radically evangelical Sunday talk at Hamilton camp-meeting. If the *Commonwealth* continues to publish such specimens of pure Gospel preaching, we shall gladly class it with the defenders of the faith once delivered to the saints.

—Some idea of the height of the contemplated statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" can be gained, says a New York paper, by taking one's stand on East River bridge, and reflecting that, high as that is, it is only as high as the pedestal already erected for, while the head of the statue will be twice as high, and the light which is to be held above the head will be visible twenty miles to seaward. "Americans do not generally comprehend the magnitude and magnificence of this great gift of France to America." How can we better repay the gift than to send back light—the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ?

—The camp-meetings of the past fortnight have been generously reported in the daily papers. Quite full sketches have been given of many of the discourses, which appear to have been in no respect inferior in directness of aim and evangelical fervor. The Assembly at Lake View also comes in for a deservedly large space in the daily reports. The full and varied programme is evidently being carried out with remarkable success. Large numbers of people have attended the instructive and interesting sessions of this eastern Chauauqua. Much profit must result.

—It has been decided that blindness, so prevalent in Europe, can no longer be afforded, that it costs a much—no less than \$7,000,000, of which \$300,000 is credited to England. As the remedy for everything nowadays is a society, one has been formed "for the Prevention of Blindness in England," and a prize has been offered for the best essay which shall set forth the causes of blindness and suggest the most practical means for preventing it. Some good may result from disseminating information upon the subject, but we are afraid that those most deeply interested will not heed, and that this privation, which costs far more than money, will suffer no material loss in the list of its victims.

—The American Teacher is the title of a new monthly magazine, published by the New England Publishing Co. of Boston, and is the union of the very successful monthly magazines, the *Public School*, the *Primary Teacher*, the *Teacher's Companion*, and the *Kindergarten Messenger*, in one 32-page quarto, full of valuable matter relating to the principles and methods of education, as interpreted by our best teachers and writers on that subject. Its editors are T. W. Bicknell,

the educational editor and publisher of Boston, W. E. Sheldon, former editor of the *Primary Teacher*, and W. N. Haimann, the able expounder of Kindergarten methods. The first number of this magazine is exceedingly interesting and valuable. The articles are practical, cover a wide range of topics, and are written by some of our ablest teachers. Published by the New England Publishing Company, Boston. Price \$1.00 per year.

—The Art Amateur for September contains forty rosette designs for wood carving by Ben Pitman of Cincinnati, a profusion of monograms and jewelry designs, several flower and figure designs for china painting, and two bondsmen designs for South Kensington embroidery. Fourteen notable pictures in the Munich and Amsterdam exhibitions are illustrated, and some striking illustrations accompany a long and valuable account of the "Processes of Sculpture." An article on "Firing," by Miss Louisa McLaughlin, should be read by every amateur china painter. There are also articles of particular interest on "French Picture Counters," "Errors and Anachronisms in Art," "Painted Woodwork," "Haunts of Collectors," "Antique Ivory Carvings," and a great variety of other topics. The Art Amateur admirably covers its chosen field. Price, 35 cents; per annum, \$4. Montague Mark, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

—The late Rev. W. M. Baker, D. D., whose death occurred last week in this city, was probably better known outside of his church as a successful literary writer than as a preacher. He was prolific with his pen, though rarely publishing under his own name. His notable works for the church were "His Majesty's Myself," "He was a graduate of Princeton, and entered the Presbyterian ministry in his early years. During the war of the Rebellion he was pastor of a church in Austin, Texas, and succeeded in those years of strife in keeping his church loyal in its connection with the northern presbytery. Afterward he was pastor at Zanesville, O., South Boston and Philadelphia. He retired from the active work of the ministry last year in consequence of a disease which he believed to be, and proved to be, incurable. Says the *Presbyterian*: "He was a good man, a true servant of Christ, striving always to honor His name and extend the power of His truth."

—Few people are aware of the fact, that in the Arctic and Antarctic, as well as in the intermediate regions, simultaneous meteorological observations upon a uniform system are being daily taken by agents appointed for the purpose, and that these observations are sustained by the governments of twelve different nations besides our own. Thus, in northern Siberia the Russians are maintaining seven stations; the Danes are looking out for Nova Zembla; at Point Barrow and Lady Franklin Bay—the one in 72 degrees north and the other within eight degrees of the pole—Lieut. Ray and Lieut. Greely are diligently making the most careful memoranda. The end of the present month will complete the first year of these simultaneous-recorded data. Some idea of the minuteness of the work done may be gained from the report that as a single station in eight months 99,000 readings of the magnetic instruments have been taken. When all the records are in, it will be possible to make a map of the weather of the year, including all magnetic and other disturbances for any moment of time.

—To the average American the death of the Comte de Chambord last week had no particular significance. We are too busy and too democratic to keep up an acquaintance with the ins and outs of royal families, or to give much heed to royal pretensions. But to a large number of French people, and to his own nation, the death of the late Comte de Chambord was a national calamity. For fifty years, as the last representative of the Bourbon family, he has held a "shadowy sceptre," and worn the title, though not the crown, of Henry V. During these years he has patiently waited for the nation to accept his rule. Twice the event seemed near; that it did not occur was wholly due to the Comte himself, who demanded what the people refused to give—the practical repudiation of all that the years of revolution had gained for them, and the substitution of the white flag for the tricolor. In his death the Bourbon line becomes extinct. The Comte de Paris, of the Orleans dynasty, was recognized by the late Comte as his heir; and no student of French history can deny that his accession to a restored monarchy in France is among the possibilities of the future.

—The Senate sub-committee on Labor and Education, which has been sitting for some time in New York, has improved the opportunity to get at the most precise information available on subjects connected with wages for labor and the history of strikes. Representatives of all sorts of "unions" have appeared before them, and stated their grievances and the methods proposed for removing or mitigating them. Among others, Adolph Strasser, president of the Cigar Makers' International Union, testified that since 1864 there had been 362 strikes in the cigar business, 204 of which had been won, 137 lost, 12 compromised, and 10 still in progress. The actual cost of these had been \$286,444, while the actual gain in wages to the workmen had been \$1,000,000 per annum. Mr. Strasser suggested "four legislative measures which would tend to mitigate the evils which threatened labor in general in this country. The first was the enforcement of the national eight-hour law in the case of all government officers, and apply the same rule to all patents granted by the Government, that in every industry established by the patent holder the hours of labor should be limited to eight. The second was to authorize the incorporation of labor organizations and place them on the same basis as other corporations. The third was to establish a national bureau of labor statistics; and the last to amend the revenue law by providing that after May, 1884, no license should be granted to cigar manufacturers employing prison or penitentiary labor. The tendency of trades unions was to decrease the number of strikes."

### The Churches.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.**  
**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—The meeting will be resumed after the vacation recess on Monday morning next. Class-meeting will be in order.

**Boston, First Church.**—The house has been reopened after thorough painting and refurbishing. Dr. Mallalieu preached a very appropriate sermon in the afternoon. The vestry is now undergoing thorough repairs. Hon. J. S. Danforth superintends the work.

**Marblehead.**—At the recent jubilee breaking 103 Jews were opened and \$161.26 found within. The memorial quilt realized \$164. Pastor Candlish has worked hard, but has triumphed. Every dollar of church indebtedness is paid. Now for the jubilee!

Worcester, vices, moral very well at, very excellent, \$8,148, which, fully provided, convention and 19.

Webster S. and Sunday-ably increase influence and month. He and his society prosperity regular past were supplied Theological Street, W. Bethel, A. A. Hoyt; W.

Manfield, at the Enma Aug. 12, to large deleg evening. T. service was Washburn was at Yac the excha pastor of I of Acushn ward Willi preacher A. This was churches. firm that of this town vastly more of the church ecclesiastical Church is good edifice meeting daily weekly.

New BED Westport pushing the pletion as one-story, transcripts of twelve feet seventy-six be finished in are in Gosh cost is \$5,000.

Vineyard suffered several hoped that this land would bring bad dity. The Church has nest minister Gospel.

The camp yard is in charge of L. crowds still cles. It is sands that time of re of the Lorion for Dr. run a success a constitution tents or fought to u conditions place in I in earnest Cottage Co world are tions who the old-tim At Yarmol dist five hope that ness gracio trict.

The camp opened M direction o a large cor and cottag interest is The weath everything meeting a The Au has been advent of The Fri a new ch style whi of Bailey and above \$1,0 Rev. J. P. Bath, late Dr. Cul the Richm bath, pre in the Me During th nearly tw testified in ing been h The ce opened M tion of P mon and old-fashio The altar of the me Hill, part Prof. C nected wi has accept school in from o great loss Rev. D. B.



*(continued)*



## The Family.

### AFTER DEATH.

BY EREN E. BEXFORD.

I am dead.  
Lying in this silent chamber,  
Where the sunshine enters not,  
And the ghostly shadows clamber  
Over each familiar spot,  
I can feel the world go onward  
While my hands are crossed in rest;  
I have found the peace unending:  
Life was sweet, but death is best.

Some have come and stood beside me,  
Whispering to me o'er and o'er  
Of the grief that comes at parting,  
And the love their hearts bore.  
They have loving thoughts and tender  
For the friend that goes away,  
And my heart gives voiceless answer  
To their last dear words to-day.

Some who walked with me while going  
Down the western hill of life,  
Scarce a thought on me bestowing,  
Say, "Ah, well, he's done with strife."  
Though their words of love were many  
As we journeyed side by side,  
They're few thoughts to give at parting  
To the comrade who has died.

Others come, and standing by me  
They rehearse my human faults,  
And God knows that they were many,  
But my listening soul revolts  
At the long and grim procession  
They have marshaled into line,  
As they talk about the follies  
And the frailties that were mine.

In the knowledge death has brought me,  
I can know the false and true,  
Know who mourn for me, whose earth-work  
Like a troubled dream is through.  
And, O friends, my heart gives answer  
To your loving hearts and true  
In a language you will utter  
When the great change comes to you!

### PHYSICIAN AND PATIENT.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

A well-known physician, lately taken to task by a lady as distinguished for common sense as benevolence, defended himself as follows. Some of the doctor's patients were well known to his censor, who did not hesitate to accuse the man of science with neglect of duty.

"You tell me," he said, "that I am dishonest in my practice because I do not tell Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. that they induce their own physical feebleness by tight lacing?"

"Precisely. And because you do not tell Mrs. C. and Mrs. D. that you are unable to help them while they dress and dissipate as they do, and because you do not say to Mrs. E. and Mrs. F. that your medicines are worthless while she persists in keeping the thermometer at ninety and reading novels in bed. If I were a doctor, I'd deal in the truth if I never had a patient."

"It would come to this in time," the gentleman replied good-naturedly; "for truth is the last thing wanted by the sick or the well. Some persons can get along with it better than others; but it is seldom welcome. Now, if I were to tell Mrs. A. that her headaches could be all traced to her corsets, what would be the result?"

"Why, it would cause her to think, of course!"

"Yes, of my successor," said the doctor with a smile. "The men who become members of the medical profession because of a wish to help their fellow creatures, generally start in with a determination to fight against the evils which produce sickness; in other words, to do some moral as well as physical good in the world. But they soon find out that while their patients will swallow their pills and potions, they resent in the most practical fashion any interference with what they are pleased to call their private affairs. Let me relate to you a little incident which happened only a few weeks ago. I was sent for late one evening to attend a new patient—a lady well known in ultra-fashionable circles. I found her very much excited, and decidedly hysterical. The nurse gave me a few particulars of her illness, and added that the invalid had been most unparadoxically treated by her medical adviser—a lady whom I happened to know very well, and most cordially endorsed. I naturally did my best to find out some facts which should assist me in forming an opinion of the case. It was of very little use, however, and I finally administered an anodyne and left the room. In passing out, the lady's husband invited me into the library. He said that the doctor who had given the most thorough satisfaction in the family for a couple of years, had at last grown so disturbed and out of patience with what she knew to be unnecessary illness, that at last she had been literally forced into telling the patient some wholesome truth. It was done, he said, in the kindest and most affectionate manner, but the result was the discharge of the capable, conscientious family servant, an attack of shrieking which alarmed the whole neighborhood, and a call for my services. I have found that the most a doctor can do is to generalize. A tactful physician can sometimes tuck in a moral observation in an impersonal way. I hope and believe that I have been able to accomplish a little good in this manner."

"That's what I call 'beating around the bush,'" was the quick response.

"The only way to secure some kinds of game, you know; but really," he added, "I have all these matters very much at heart. It is awful to stand by and see folks killing themselves; and then the methods are so stupid. A woman's waist displeases her, and so she gets inside of a steel cage about half large enough for her, and somebody pulls it together. I know of women who go into the surf with corsets on, and women who sleep in corsets. Do you suppose that the woman who will do such things would ever heed a doctor's protest? Oh, no; a

doctor's position is very like that of a mechanic. He is sent for to stop a leak, or secure an entrance, or build a new staircase, and not to find fault with the house. He may know that his labor is of small account, and that in a very short period something else will give way, but the house is not his, and suggestions are out of order unless asked for."

"But, doctor, your comparison hasn't even the merit of being analogical. A workman, perhaps, has no right to dictate to his employer, but a doctor who is called upon to instruct his patients how to take care of their bodies, has not only the right to suggest, but to insist."

"Your major premise is wrong, my dear madam," said the physician. "Doctors are not employed in general practice to instruct their patients how to take care of their bodies. They are sent for to stop a pain, or regulate a fever, and not to lecture on physiology. Now I should like to ask you a question: Why do not women come to each other's rescue in such matters? I will venture to say that you know of many cases of sickness among your friends which might have been prevented by the exercise of ordinary common-sense. I have no doubt that you could point me to a dozen cases of suffering which would not need a physician if your advice was acted upon."

"Indeed I could, but it is a very sad and suggestive admission to make that there is very little opportunity for such missionary work. The woman who cuts off her natural breath by tight lacing generally supposes her acquaintances in ignorance of it. The morbid vanity which makes such stupidity possible is a very tender plant. It takes only a slight blow to knock the sweetness all out of friendship."

"But should one be deterred from doing one's duty by the fear of such a result?"

"I don't know whether they should or not."

"Our cases are precisely analogous," the doctor replied with a smile, "and it seems to me to come to this: I started in my professional life with a firm conviction that I could make people over. It seemed to me a few indisputable arguments, kindly put, would convince the most obstinate patients of the error of their ways. I worked that way religiously for some time, and the result was bitter disappointment. Now I know that I am obliged to take people as I find them, and leave them in pretty much the same way. The only thing that we can really do is to see to it that our example is all right. Then if we are alive to all our opportunities for rendering service to our fellow creature, we have about boxed the compass of our possibilities. The people who believe in truth, and health, and rightness living may do all they can for the race, and it will seem very little, for evolution is as slow as it is sure. To accomplish our best work, it seems important to understand in the beginning that there are some things which are not given us to do. The processes of physical nature seem to us erratic and unstable; but look at results. The world is supplied with food, and a famine in one place is balanced by an overplus somewhere else. Heat, cold wind and rain work out their results, just as pain and sorrow, and happiness work out theirs in human nature. It is a necessity that we all work out our own salvation. I cannot work out yours, nor you mine. Vanity must ultimately yield to pain. Pain of the body and pain of the soul have been and will continue to be the chief remedial agents of the world. The woman who crowds all of her vital organs out of place by a pair of corset strings, will come time and find out her mistake through the suffering which such a violation of law entails."

"But that may be too late, doctor?"

"Nothing is too late that comes at all," was the philosophical response; and thus ended a conversation which seemed to the reporter too vital and timely to be withheld.

### GOLDEN-ROD.

Midsummer music in the grass—  
The cricket and the grasshopper;  
Waite daisies and red clover peas;  
The caterpillar trails her fur  
After the languid butterfly.  
Waite daisies and red clover peas  
Where autumn's earliest lamps I spy—  
The tapers of the golden rod.

This flower is fuller of the sun  
Than any of our pale North can show.  
It has the heart of August won,  
And scatters wide the warmth and glow  
Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,  
Where gentians of September bloom  
Along October's leaf-strewn way,  
And through November's paths of gloom.

As lavish of its golden light  
As sunshine's self, this blossom is;  
Its starry chandeliers burn bright  
All day; and have you noted this—  
A perfect sun in every flower?  
Ten thousand thousand fairy suns,  
Raying from new disks hour by hour,  
As up the stalk the life-flash runs?

"A worthless plant—a flimsy weed!  
Abundant splendor is too cheap."  
Neighbor, stop! no! unless, indeed,  
You would from heaven the sunsets sweep.  
And count as mean the common day:  
Measures the world has not so much  
Superfluous beauty, that we may  
Blight anything with scornful touch.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets  
Gay bonfires blazing round the fields;  
Rich autumn pays in gold his debts  
For tenancy that summer yields.  
Beauty's slow harvest now comes in;  
New promise with fulfillment won;  
The heart's vast hope does but begin,  
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes  
Like a great army's air and wave;  
Because its gold in billows blooms;  
The poor man's barren walks to lave;  
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show  
How souls receive the light of God,  
And unto earth give back that glow—  
I thank Him for the golden-rod.

—LUCY LAROCHE in "Wild Roses of Cape Ann."

Miss Jennie Smith, formerly of Dayton, O., devotes her entire time to evangelical work among the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The officers of the company offer her every facility, and scores of men have professed conversion. She makes her home at Mountain Lake Park.

### "LEARN OF ME."

Lessons Learned in the School of Christ.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

Believing and rejoicing in the fact of my adoption into the family of God and consequent heirship with Christ, on the authority of the written Word which testifies, "All things are yours, things present and things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's," I knew that I had an assured right to all of these blessings of grace purchased and promised for this present life, and that which is to come. By virtue of the sacrificial covenant I belonged to Him who had redeemed me; to whose service I had cheerfully consecrated myself; whose easy yoke and light burden I had willingly assumed; and, deeply conscious of the truth uttered by my Lord and Saviour to His disciples, "Without Me ye can do nothing," in obedience to the gracious invitation, "Come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need," I often retired for secret prayer, alone with God pouring out my heart to Him whose ear was always open to the voice of my supplications. I did not know of myself how to pray aright, but the assurance that the Spirit helpeth our infirmities and maketh intercession for us according to the will of God, was a truth very deeply impressed on my mind and full of encouragement.

It was at this early period of discipleship that I realized the blessedness of having an indwelling intercessor, one searching all things, yea, the deep things of God, whose pleadings on my behalf were blended with those of my Advocate before the throne whose intercessions were always for those who come unto God by Him, and such He was able to save to the uttermost. How full of comfort the thought that as the divine Spirit helpeth our infirmities by illuminating our understanding, imparting a knowledge of our needs, inspiring faith by bringing to our view the promise, revealing to us the love of the Father as manifested in Christ Jesus and the rich provisions of grace freely offered by virtue of the Atonement, directing us to the all-prevailing Advocate and mighty Saviour who has become our High Priest—how comforting, I say, is the thought not only of this abiding, indwelling helper of our infirmities, but also of that Advocate on our behalf, who, by reason of His earthly sojourn, temptations and suffering, can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and have compassion on us, knowing our frame and remembering that we are dust. "Jesus knows our every weakness," gives us "strong consolation who have fled for refuge to hold of the hope set before us in the Gospel."

The lessons taught me in the beginnings of my Christian life were very important ones, and have had a practical influence to the present hour. They were not to be put aside at a more advanced stage; the Word taught me that as I received the Lord Jesus so I was to walk in Him; that in all my future progress I must "walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing" as at the first. The A B C taught in the infant class is just as essential to the graduating class, and all of His success has resulted and will result from that initiatory lesson. The reason why so many who ought to be teachers in the church of God are still babes, in "need of milk and not of strong meat, unskilled in the word of righteousness," is because they "have need that one teach them again the first principles of the oracles of God." They have not by the help of the rules for Christian living given them at the first gone on step by step from one degree of grace to another, growing up into Christ, into maturity in Him. The consecration has not been perpetuated; gifts laid upon the altar which sanctified the offering, for the service of God, have been removed; vows of fidelity have been broken; the closet where prayer was often wont to be made, is unvisited; the glowing testimony for Jesus in the social meeting no longer finds utterance; fellowship with the true God has given place to fellowship with the world; its pleasures are preferred to the cross of Christ, and thus "the foundation of repentance from dead works" has been again laid. Alas, for the Church of Christ! Dwarfed members are many; those ever advancing to the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" are few. The command is authoritative to leave the first principles of the oracles of God and go on unto perfection. Having once laid the foundation, build upward. Having laid aside the hindering weights for an entrance upon the race-course, "so run that ye may obtain the crown!" Success depends on the continuance of your prayers, not the entrance upon the course. All must say with the apostle, "I have finished my course," if they would add the assurance, "From henceforth there is for me a crown laid up."

Not laid up at the entrance on the race, but "from henceforth" makes its completion. "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

No one can overcome the world, the flesh and the devil without faithful obedience to the command to "take up to you the whole armor of God—above all the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit—and praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, watching thereunto with all perseverance."

When the love of prayer begins to grow cold, when the longings of the soul to be alone with God in the closet are no longer felt, when a sense of duty alone prompts to religious duties, beware! They are the tokens of declension, and search must be had forthwith for the cause. Lip service is never acceptable; a form of godliness without the power—dead works are the fruit of a dead faith—are not of any value in the sight of God. "Praying in the Holy Ghost," "singing in the

Spirit," "preaching with the demonstration of the Spirit"—this, and this only, is worshiping God in spirit and in truth. Lord Jesus, breathe upon us as upon Thy disciples when Thou wast on earth, and say unto us, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

### OUR WELCOME HOME.

BY MRS. M. P. CHICK.

When we cross the silent river,  
When we climb the golden stair  
To the mansion of our Father,  
Who will bid us welcome there?

"Mid the throng of shining angels  
That guard the portal wait,  
Who will be the first to greet us  
When we reach the peerly gate?"

Shall we meet the loved and lost ones  
That have left our household band?  
Will they be the first to greet us  
When we reach the better land?

We in tears and sadness parted  
As we laid them in the tomb;  
Shall we meet them robed in beauty,  
And in heaven's immortal bloom?

When our tired hands are folded,  
When our feet have ceased to roam,  
In the mansion of our Father  
Who will bid us welcome home?

Ah, methinks that Elder Brother  
Who for us His life laid down,  
He will be the first to greet us,  
Give to us the robe and crown.

While the billows surge around us,  
Ere we reach the other side,  
He with loving arms will greet us,  
Gently bear us o'er the tide.

When our hands have ceased to labor,  
When our feet have ceased to roam,  
In the mansion of our Father  
He will bid us welcome home.

He will bid us welcome home.

### "NO HARM TO DRINK LAGER."

BY MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

It had been such a pleasant call—the half-hour's rest in the beautiful room, shaded to meet twilight dreaminess; the gentle tones of my friend, and the restful quiet which surrounded her, seemed so refreshing to me.

We had touched upon themes of common interest—Christian work, cause of missions, and local efforts for the uplifting of the fallen, in all of which my friend manifested such genuine sympathy.

She spoke of my work. "Oh, I almost envy you the opportunities for usefulness, but you look so worn! Well, you will have your reward by and by."

A word about the present reward, "the hundred fold in this life," and then my friend added: "Do you see how much better I am looking? And with a half-deprecating laugh, 'I really am greatly improved, but you wouldn't approve of my medicine, I suppose, you are so strict. I'm going to tell you about it just to shock you. I'm using lager beer! and I'm so much better; quite made over, I assure you!'"

"How long have you been using it?" I asked quietly.

"Oh, a long time. Why, it must be almost three years since I began. Bah! how bitter it seemed at first. The doctor prescribed it and told me to take a glass or two daily, and more if I needed it. I had hard work, but will loved it, and urged me on, and now he says I can stand more than he can. Once in a while he laughs and says, 'Oh, you are getting boozey!' Why, how shocked you looked! But then, you know, I only take it for a medicine."

"How did you feel before you commenced taking it?"

"Oh, you know, weak and miserable and sort of break-in-two-ish."

"And this beer has wrought wonders, you say?"

"Oh, yes, whenever I have any such feelings I go and take a glass and it brightens me up wonderfully. Why, I believe it would do you good, but then, you are so fanciful, you'd rather drop down than take it, I suppose."

"How do you get it?" I asked.

"Have it brought in the larger beer wagon; they bring it fresh as often as needed; that's easy enough."

"Yes, I do not doubt that, but then, your influence, aside from the positive injury which I believe the beer really works upon you physically, have you no fears that weekly visits of the lager beer wagon at your door may work injury to the moral character of the neighborhood?"

"I regard to your own husband and even yourself?"

"Fears for us? Preposterous!"

"But listen, dear, if this medicine has done you so much good, why need you continue its use? People do not ordinarily, when the desired results are reached. Why not leave it off now?"

"Leave it off? Oh, dear, no! I couldn't do that. I once in a while, when I drink more than usual, I get out before the wagon comes, and then, oh, if it's only one forenoon, I feel—oh, I feel dreadfully, as if I really should break in two—quite."

"I smiled, perhaps a little loftily. 'Well, then, I fail to see how you have really been benefited. You began the remedy, because you felt like 'breaking in two,' have continued its use for three years, increasing the dose from one to seven glasses daily, and now, according to your own statement, you wouldn't dare be without your medicine twenty-four hours, lest the catastrophe, the premonitions of which you only felt three years ago, and have sought so perseveringly to avert, should come down upon your devoted head. Really, my friend, I would insist upon trying another doctor, or at least some other remedy.'

She looked discomfited and somewhat the sweetness had gone out of her face. There were a few words about her opportunities for usefulness, a little pleading for right doing for the sake of others, a single word of warning concerning her own home, but as she bowed me off, she tapped her daintily slipped foot upon the door-sill, and with a laugh which had a defiant sound, said, "Oh, you cannot frighten me. I'll take my chances."

I walked on—all the restful feelings had flown, and in their place, such a sense of depression, of discouragement, of almost despair, that I had hardly strength to move. The thought came as it so often does—the Lord is with you! Yes, I said, but *His people* are against us! I could have cried aloud, so great seemed the burden laid upon us by the Master's professed followers.

Passing through a cross street I came to an untidy-looking woman, who had fallen across some door-steps, her clothing so disarranged that it brought a blush to my woman's face. Two boys were pushing her with their feet. Guess she's tipsy," they explained, as I drew near. With their help I raised her up, and the fumes of liquor were unmistakable. "Are you sick?" I asked. "I'm drunk, don't you see?"

She was young, yes, and fair despite her pitiable condition. The boys went on and we sat there. Her story came out by little, somewhat in response to my questionings, but more from the unspoken interest and pity which I felt for her.

"Yes, I am young, only twenty-three. I came to this place three years ago—a poor, simple, country girl, but I was pure. Oh, God, if you knew what I've been through—what I am now, you'd not sit here with me and you wouldn't believe a word I say. I won't tell you any lies, for I can see you are real sorry for me. I came to get work. Mother's poor and I wanted to dress like other girls. I got a chance at Burke's—you know they don't pay much and it took 'bout all I could earn to pay my board. I found other girls boarded at a German woman's on Main Street; 'tis a low place and I hated it at first. The food was so different from home cooking and I got weak and sick. It frightened me and I went one day to see Dr. Thrall. He told me to drink a mug of lager beer with my cold lunch, and 'twould 'brace me up.' I hated it at first, but the other girls took it and they made fun of me and called me 'feeble.' We used to hear it talked over in the shop. One girl said, 'Everybody drinks it. Bill Harris drives a beer-wagon, and he says half his work is to leave beer at big houses—nice folks they are, and so, mostly church members and such.' Last week I went to a party at houses and says she's seen 'em drink their lager lots of times, took it for medicine they said; yes, I guess they did. Spose 'tain't no harm for them, but it's been the ruin of me. Oh, God—if my mother should see me now, she'd die! She's a good woman, clean though. Oh, I wish I was dead and buried! Do you think I ever meant to be like this? That I started in to be a street—? Well, there's some difference 'twixt me and the ladies who drink beer—they drink for medicine, and I did at first. Now, I take that and anything else I can get that stops the pain. 'Begin another life,' 'tain't no use—there's too much against me; don't waste your time on me, but get them ladies to give it up and make it unpopular to drink. We girls like to do as others do, but after awhile we don't care for nothing. Oh, how I wished I could take this poor girl and lead her to the door of the friend I had just left! How I longed to stand there face to face and compel one to listen to the story of her life! 'The three years!' One in the Christian home, surrounded with influences pure and elevating—willing to take the chance of her example and influence 'ruling others; and the other, oh, what words could picture her life! At that time! Thank God her face to-day is turned against evil, and the cleansing blood of Christ has been applied to her heart and life!"

Oh, for the quickening spirit upon the consciences of good people!"

"Israel doth not know—my people do not consider."

Who dare take the chances at the final settlement of causing the weak ones to fall?"

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"Is it I?"

A member of the House of Commons in England would disparage his reputation for decency, if he came in while the Queen's address was being read by the Queen herself. His behavior would not be half as reprehensible as that of a person who should enter a church and disturb the congregation while the minister was reading the Holy Scriptures.

You ought to know the precise time at which the service begins, and on Saturday night lay all your plans to be in church. The minister may be making, as in the Episcopal Church, the exhortation to confession. Both that exhortation and that confession are exceedingly solemn things, and never to be taken in the mouth without an intense conviction of the grandeur and goodness of God, and the wickedness and sinfulness of man. Who are you, that you dare come tramping down the aisle and slamming the pew-door amidst such solemnity? When great companies of singers are engaged at a concert, every man is expected to be in his place before the first note is struck, and in churches where congregational singing prevails, every one is expected to assist, and you should be in your places with composed mind and heart attuned to the service, ready to perform your part, or, at least, not to jostle those who are already singing.

Sometimes, as in Presbyterian and other churches, the minister may be opening the service with a prayer of invocation. Every worshiper ought to be present at this. In some churches the service is commenced by reading the Holy Scriptures. A minister who discharges his duty faithfully in this department, carefully and prayerfully reads over the lessons, practising the proper tones of voice, to bring out in the reading the shades of sacred meaning in the text. His whole intellect and soul ought to be just as much in the reading of God's Word as in the utterance of the sermon. How much you disturb such utterance you can never tell, but we can assure you, from a sad and bitter experience, that ministers are sometimes so much thrown off the track in the reading of their morning lessons, that they never fully recover themselves before the close of the sermon. And one late comer may, by the distraction he causes, produce a serious effect upon the manner in which the truth shall be presented to a thousand hearers. Therefore be early.

### The Little Folks.

#### THE FAIRY SISTER.

Sallie stood in the middle of the floor with three little discontented wrinkles in the middle of her forehead.

"I wish I was a fairy godmother!" she said listlessly, picking up one of Baby Harris's little dresses and dropping it again in another wrong place for mother to hunt after.

"What for?" asked Aunt Helen, laughing to think of fourteen-year-old Sallie being a fairy godmother.

"Oh, why, lots of things! Just now I'd wave my wand and this room would be swept and dusted, and baby Harris would stop his screaming, and the boys would find something else to do besides playing him, and I'd have a little peace of my life."

"Why don't you try being a fairy sister?" said Aunt Helen, smiling.

"What would I do?" cried Sallie, eagerly. The idea struck her fancy.

"Everything Her Royal Laziness wants a fairy godmother to do!" laughed Aunt Helen.

Sallie laughed, too, with a little blush. She wasn't too stupid to take a broad hint like that. She stuck on her little blue lace-trimmed sweeping-cap, and soon appeared with the broom for her wand. After some very vigorous flourishes the floor was clean as a new pin, and Aunt Helen was sneezing with the dust.

Next, Sallie exchanged the broom for another magic wand called the duster, and presto!—all the dust had vanished, the mantel ornaments were speckless, the books stood in orderly rows, the window shades were snapped up to just the right height, and the sunlight, looking in with an approving smile, came and stretched itself contentedly on the rug like a great yellow lap-dog. Aunt Helen looked up and gave her a funny little nod which meant "So far so good!" and Sallie took broom and duster and went into the kitchen, to look for a hubbub as there was out there. Not unless you have three boys and two babies in your family.

"Pity cases!" cried Sallie, trying to put her fingers in her ears, and so dropping the broom and spilling the dust-pan. In the minute that it took to pick it up she thought of her new character.

"Billy's been an' gone an' tumbled right in the 'ow' bal, head first!" said little Paul solemnly, stooping over to look in her face as she bent over to dust-pan. "Spoiled all the 'ow' to make bikkets wiv'!"

"Aunt!" spluttered Billy in a hollow voice from the bottom of the barrel. "Aunt! Hear him, Sallie!" cried Johnny, doubling up with laughter at Billy's antics in trying to get out.

"Fraps 'taint Billy's legs sticking out, oh no! Fraps 'taint some other boy's legs, oh yes! Long may they wave!"

Sallie couldn't help laughing, but she went into the pantry and gave the empty flour barrel a little tip that sent Billy out squirming on the floor.

"Wanted to make some paste, that's all," explained Billy, sheepishly.

"Let's mix him up in some cold water, then," said teasing Johnny. "I'm sure there's plenty of flour in his hair."

"No such thing," said Sallie, laughing. "Let me brush you, Billy, and then I'll scrape some flour off the boards for your paste. Don't do any hurt to the 'bikkets,' fraps 'cat, 'cause there wasn't any there."







